THE NEW CANADIAN

An Independent Organ for Canadians of Japanese Origin

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR ISSUE

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A Letter To the Reader

A condition close to utter chaos has hovered over the NC office during the past four weeks: the chaos of juggling advertisements so that they would fit their alloted spaces; the chaos of literary contributors who would wait until the perilous knife-edge of deadline impaled our palpitating breasts before they rushed into the office, willy-nilly, with flushed face and lowered eyebrow; the chaos resulting from engravers who were never quite sure that they would have our pictures ready in time; and, particularly, the chaos that resulted when promised contributors retired to their cats and bangles, promising unfaithfully that next year will be somehow different.

But chaos has finally subsided. The Christmas Issue, the offspring of migraine and a stealthy kind of fun that suffused our blood, is finished. And here it is, with its obvious faults and fewer merits. The main fault, we think, is obvious because we have not unearthed any new and startling Nisei literary talent, so that we are almost forced to come to the disturbing conclusion that there is not a rising generation of young writers to be found throughout this wide, fruitful country.

The merits that belong to this Issue rest with those faithful contributors who have become solid-as-a-rock anchors throughout some of the 20 years that the NC has been publishing.

But enough. We hope that the Christmas Issue brings you some entertaining and thoughtful moments through the holiday season. Here are some brief sketches of the articles and their authors.

SECTION ONE of the supplementary sections is launched by erstwhile playboy-and-critic, former NC editor, hoping-to-get-a-M.A. Ken Adachi. In "The Delicate Pungency of East-West Romance", he writes about one of his favorite divertissements: going to the movies. Obviously, he does not like most of the recent movies on this theme.

In "The Nanga's Rhythm", NC publisher T.U. writes a few lines on why he likes one of the aspects of Japanese art. Miss Marjorie Pigott is the artist.

In "The Way to Zen", Rev. T. Tsuji of the Toronto Buddhist Church who is soon San Francisco-bound to take on his new post as Director of Buddhist Education in the U.S., expounds on the mystical experience of Zen Buddhism. We think his article has a timely flavor about it: there is a definite swing to Zen today, and more people are reading Daisetsu Suzuki.

The inspirational qualities of the Christian faith, the need for more great ideas to further man's social and intellectual progress, is the text of "The Power of a Great Idea" by Rev. K. Shimizu of the Toronto Japanese United Church.

Allan Watanabe, a University of Toronto student and one of the new talents that last year's Literary Contest unearthed, is back again with his poem "Wildgrass".

George Tanaka's "The Issei Generation" is a heart-felt telling of the impact on him of the reading of the National JCCA's History Contest. He is chairman of that committee, and of course, a well-known figure in JC affairs.

(Continued on Page Two)



—Photo by JACK HEMMY

A Christmas smile from an attractive Nisei girl seen resting after enjoying a popular winter pastime further accentuates the warmth of the season. She is 19-year-old Mary Ann Murakami of Toronto, currently employed at the Bell Telephone Co. Her other hobbies are dancing and sewing.

Experience is an Arch . . .

By CANDIDA

When one has seen the rugged majesty of the blue Canadian Rockies, and sampled the fierce and gentle westerlies on the coast; when one has bargained in the vari-colored peasant markets in Toluca or Jalisco, and swayed to the beat in New Orleans; when one has wandered the narrowed, darkened streets of New York, pregnant with vague feelings and shadowy thoughts, all these become a living part of him—a vital core which vibrates internally in life—be it in the midst of loneliness or the superficially laughing crowd.

Tennyson has said:

Yet all experience is an arch
wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world
whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.

Experience—a convenient name one can give to what one has seen, done and felt—means encompassing life which has ebbed not only in this lifetime but since the very beginning of time. This awareness opens thoughts onto the vast significance of the universe, its cosmos and relative singular units which comprise its being.

A realization of the experience of the past, the present and the future gives perspective to one's drinking this cup of life, full of vintage as old and rare and good as he wishes it to be, or just diluted, cheap sherry.

Or, it can lead astray the narrow individual who reaps frustration from vast conceptions so that he retreats behind his barricade of self-centredness and menial social security, always searching, searching for himself, for his soul and for his place, but afraid at bottom.

Yet, in his laughing and talking, he convinces others and perhaps himself that he is as happy as he knows he can be.

But I wish to know the "moreness" of life, the world and its space—to give me perspective to see beyond this little place called "my life." To many, no satisfaction can come from this, to touch vaguely the hem of some profundity, and not to understand. To me, however, it is a part, an essential segment, of what I understand life to be.

Others may hold tight to their little joys, squeezing out the vital essence of their nature, making them the centre, the be-all and the end-all. But I prefer to do what William Blake so beautifully expressed:

But those who kiss the winged joy
as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

Centre Campaign Reaches $120,000

The current Fund Campaign for the Toronto Japanese Canadian Centre, hampered in recent weeks by weather, the busy season, and the numerous relocation of families to new homes, will be resumed full-scale after the festive season is over, the committee revealed.

To date, the campaign has brought in close to $120,000. And with a quarter of the Toronto population called on, there is every reason to be optimistic of the final outcome after the campaign resumes its house-to-house calls, a spokesman commented.

He suggested that prospective donors may lighten the volunteer canvassers' work by making their contributions or pledges known to The Continental Times or to The New Canadian, or directly to the committee headquarters at 415 Spadina Ave.

Meanwhile, the committee has lined up many programs for the coming year. One attraction may be the showing of one of Japan's top period movies, "Seven Samurai", tentatively scheduled for screening some time in January. Directed by Akira Kurosawa, widely recognized for his international award winner "Rashomon", the "Seven Samurai" has been given excellent reviews in showings throughout the U.S. It was recently well received in a private screening in Toronto.

The cast includes Toshiro Mifune, Takashi Shimura, and Keiko Tsushima.

BRIEF NOTES

Lit. Contest Postponed

Lack of space in the Christmas Issue forced postponement of the NC's Literary Contest results until some time in January. Contest results, comments, and the best entries will be published in one of the forthcoming issues.

Next Issue Dec. 31

After a brief rest, the NC staff will return to publish its next and final issue of 1958 on Wednesday, Dec. 31.

Extra copies of this Christmas Issue are available at 25 cents each. New subscribers until the end of January will get one free.

9th NC Stork Derby

The ninth annual NC Stork Derby for the first Japanese Canadian baby of the year is in the offing again.

Last year's winner was Dianne Akemi Nagai of Toronto who was born on Jan. 1, 6:37 p.m. Six of the past winners were born on New Year's, and two of them on the following day.

One or both parents must be of Japanese descent and the birth must take place in Canada. Time and date of birth are to be confirmed by the attending physician or nurse. All entries must be received by Jan. 15.

Toguri in Life

David Toguri of Toronto can be seen in a scene involving Pat Suzuki and Miyoshi Umeki pictured in the December 22 entertainment edition of Life Magazine. Toguri is one of the members in the new Rodgers and Hammerstein smash hit, "Flower Drum Song", currently packing in the customers on Broadway.

A Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year

THE NEW CANADIAN

Published on Wednesday and Saturday of each week as a medium of expression and news outlet among those of Japanese origin in Canada

T. UMEZUKI, Publisher
KEN MORI..........Japanese Section Editor & Advertising
JERRY KUTSUKAKE..........English Section Editor

EM. 6-5005 479 Queen St. W., Toronto 2-B, Ont.

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CALENDAR

December

24—**Toronto.** Nisei Badminton Club "Snowball Dance" at Club Kingsway 9-1 at $1.50 per couple.
26—**Hamilton.** HJCCA Xmas Party Dance Yeoman Hall. $1.50 per person.
26—**Vancouver.** Xmas Dance at Allington Hall.
27—**Toronto.** Club Ami dance at Buddhist Hall, 8:30 p.m.
27—**Kelowna.** KYBA New Year's Frolic 9-1.
27—**Montreal.** New Year's Party at Victoria Hall, 9-1 at $1.00 per person.
27—**Toronto.** Club Ami annual "Holly and Mistletoe Dance" at Buddhist Church Hall.

January

1—**Winnipeg.** Open House at Consul and Mrs. Ban's residence 200 Kingston Row, St. Vital, 11:00 a.m., to 3 p.m.
1—**Toronto.** Open House at Consul and Mrs. Endo's residence, 1 Grenadier Heights 2-5 p.m. all welcome.
2—**Toronto.** TJCCA New Year's dance at UNF Hall, 8-1, $1.00.
2—**Vancouver** JCCA New Year's Dance at Hastings Auditorium, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. with Ron Merritt's Orchestra.
3—**Winnipeg.** Knox Fellowship Group Social at Knox United Church.
4—**Toronto.** Kotobuki-Kai annual get-together at Ukrainian Hall on Bathurst Street.
9—**Winnipeg.** Sports night continues at Hugh MacDonald School.
9—**Vancouver.** Van. Nisei Fellowship square dancing at Columbus, 8 p.m.
10—**Toronto.** Kisaragi New Year Banquet and Dance, Sai Woo Tea House.
10—**Montreal.** JCCA Shinboku-Kai at Community Centre 7:30 p.m.
17—**Hamilton.** Kyowa-Kai and Hamilton JCCA annual Keiro-Kai and get-together.
17—**Toronto.** National JCCA-Hamilton-Quebec chapters round-table discussion, 415 Spadina Ave.
18—**Montreal.** Annual New Year's party combined with 10th anniversary for Homemakers Club.
23—**Vancouver.** Van Nisei Fellowship annual general meeting and dinner. Columbia Church 6:30 p.m.
24—**Montreal.** JCCA Bridge Nite at Community Centre.

A Letter to the Reader

(Continued from Page One)

SECTION TWO is then devoted almost entirely to the top prize winners of the recent nation-wide JCCA History Contest so that you can judge for yourself what Tanaka means. The winners are all Issei and the stories have been translated from the Japanese.

First prize winner of $300 is 69-year-old Mrs. Koto Kawamoto of Vancouver who writes of her ordeals in the Fraser Valley in "The Way of Endurance: A Berry Farmer's Memoir."

Stanley Shikatani's drawing that accompanies Mrs. Kawamoto's story evokes the mood of bleakness, desolation and toil that she had felt. Shikatani is a third-year student at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto, and we think he is a talent to watch for in coming years.

Manzo Yoshida, 85, of Montreal, in "All in One Lifetime", writes an episodic account of business experiences since 1891. He won $150 from the JCCA for his second prize story.

"Issei in Khaki in World War I", by the $75 third prize winner Sainosuke Kubota of Toronto, 73, is an inspiring story of the courage of those Issei soldiers who braved odds in order to fight for Canada.

Finishing Section Two is Marg Umezuki, recent NC editor and now Paris resident. Her "Footloose in Europe" tells of what can happen to an energetic girl in the civilized wilds of the continent.

* * *

Dickie Sada of Toronto was another overseas traveller, this time to the "Dark Continent", suggesting that Nisei are increasingly widening their geographical horizons—and gaining a great deal of insight in the process. In SECTION THREE, then, Miss Sada writes of her camera safari into Angola in "On Location in Africa—the Awakening Giant."

Frank Moritsugu — veteran NC writer, managing editor of Homes & Gardens, TV personality on "Open House", History Committee member, and a host of other accomplishments and activities—writes on a variety of things in "Notes From My 1958 File". Singer and musical comedy star Pat S[...] (recently featured in N[...] week, Time, and Life for [...] volatile performance in "F[...] Drum Song"), the JCCA [...] and the Japanese Cana[...] Centre, are provocative co[...] sational gambits for Frank, [...] if you agree with him o[...] Nisei habit of "downgrad[...] other Nisei.

Another Christmas Iss[...] gular, Sue Sada of Toro[...] writes a charming vignette, [...] corated by Allan Fujiw[...] about what must surely be h[...] pening to many Nisei husba[...] who desert hearth and wife [...] primitive pursuits to which [...] are unaccustomed.

Tommy Mitsunaga of L[...] bridge, Alta., the only wri[...] west of Toronto to contribu[...] brings up the rear of Sect[...] Three with his short story, "J[...] Another Christmas."

This, then, is the Christm[...] Issue, 1958 version. We h[...] you enjoy it. Thanks go to [...] contributors and many adv[...] vertisers. Finally, Sea[...] Greetings to you from T. U[...] zuki and Ken Mori, the editor [...] brains of the Japanese secti[...] Jerry Kutsukake and [...] Adachi who are responsible [...] this pottage; and Kiyoshi [...] yabu and Larry Yamada of [...] composing department [...] strove mightily to keep thi[...] in order.

A Message

During the past year what [...] impressed us are the optim[...] and courage of the Japanese C[...] adians. The most recent ma[...] festation of those qualities is [...] decision to build a Japanese C[...] adian Centre in Toronto. A p[...] ject on this scale would be a f[...] midable undertaking for a co[...] munity ten times the size of [...] Japanese Canadian commun[...] not only in Toronto but acr[...] Canada. We wish you the utm[...] success in this latest ventur[...] to reach great heights we n[...] aim high.

Our best wishes for a M[...] Christmas and a prosperous N[...] Year to The New Canadian a[...] its readers everywhere.

Angus MacInn[...]
Vancouver, B.C.

Where Do We Go From Here?

The year wanes; the snow falls amid the icicles, and it is almost time for another year. The year has offered many challenges to the Japanese Canadians. It was the year of wide-scale projects—small, perhaps, in the scale of World events, of ominous thunder in the Far East and of Sputniks orbiting endlessly around the planet; but large in terms of real human endeavour.

The National JCCA sent a delegation to Ottawa in June, hoping to ease existing discriminatory restrictions on the immigration to Canada of relatives of Japanese Canadians; The Nipponia Home, a refuge for aged Issei at Beamsville, Ont., was erected after a successful fund drive; a nation-wide National JCCA History Contest was held as part of a plan fostered by a group of inspired people to make a permanent history of Japanese Canadian struggle and achievement; and the fund drive for the $400,000 Toronto Japanese Canadian Centre was launched a few months ago.

These are important projects which affect a great number of Japanese Canadians, and there should be no quarrel with the validity of their aims. It is necessary, for example, to pin-prick a lethargic Canadian government into easing the unequal treatment accorded those Japanese Canadians who wish to call over relatives beyond the five categories now being permitted.

Only concerted pressure and action, it would seem, can erase this restriction. The government thus far has merely gently turned the other check; perhaps maintaining the late Mackenzie King's wait-and-see policy, so familiar to Japanese Canadians during World War II.

It was gratifying to note the relative ease with which the Nipponia Home project was supported and completed. And within a few short months, the Japanese Canadian Centre drive has amassed nearly $120,000 in pledges and donations, over a quarter of the desired total. Plaudits must be extended to the energetic committee, their helpers—and the public—though, of course, the drive is far from completion. It would seem that the challenge of the idea of a Centre is being caught up by the Japanese Canadians. More power to it.

The History Contest, too, was a success; but after some careful thought, a qualified one. Although some thirty-five entries were received by the National JCCA's history committee, we must consider the response as less than overwhelming. There must surely be more people who have something important to relate about the tumultuous decades of struggle and upheaval they have so recently undergone. But the Issei who did enter the contest must be applauded, not only for what they experienced, but for communicating their hard-won vision of the worth of life, and for leading others to gain a deeper insight into the pain and sacrifice of the past.

But the glimmering torch flickers in the hands of the Nisei. The response to the English-language section of the contest was deplorable—only three Nisei submitted entries, and only one of them was a first-person account. This surely is a sad commentary upon the waning vigor, the disinterest, the short slumbering memory of the Nisei, particularly those who were in their teens and twenties during the critical years.

The Nisei may not have the same kind of stories of rigorous hardships and adventures to tell, but there are many accounts to be told about pre-war years, evacuation, ghost-town life, and so on. The history contest, after all, offered a startling new opportunity for self-expression and the communication of experience. The lives of the Japanese Canadians do offer rich historical accretions, and is a finely moving story.

There is a difference between the kind of support behind such worthy projects as the Japanese Canadian Centre and the history contest. One can be supported quietly, with a minimum of fuss, requiring financial sacrifice augmented by some moral support. The other requires a desire for commitment and communication: not the mere physical pain of giving but the transcending pain of complete spontaneity of expression. But the Nisei seem too secluded either in neat ivory towers, isolated from the noise of self-commital, or in the numbing domestication of the suburban nest with involvement only in the immediate and the practical.

The truth of the matter, we think, is that we live in a society that is not very imaginative. And as a group we tend to move towards, and acquire, the very credos of this larger society. Today we are being brought up in a society flourishing on the dregs of romanticism, materialism, and sentimental theism. We idolize the soft standards of "niceness" and propriety, conform to the materialistic ethic of being practical and utilitarian above all else, lusting after chrome-plated, big-finned automobiles. And we embrace religion piously on Sunday mornings as if that would cleanse away the weekday sins.

We may talk of Japanese culture, of contributing it towards the Canadian mosiac, but that requires more time and effort than we are willing to give. "Not enough time", the apology goes, trailing away weakly into the night, entombed in hollow sounds. We tend too much to pay mere lip service without becoming involved.

Freudian psychoanalysis has introduced into psychological research what is called the Pleasure Principle, or, as we might also term it, the will-to-pleasure as a motivating factor in life. But man's mission in life should be the will-to-meaning of his existence. This may not be attained, but the value of life lies in the striving for meaning.

Education, for example, plays a central role in the intellectual preparation and in the lifting of the sights and goals of man. It is through education that individuals gain their insights of knowledge and the capacities which enable them to move to the creative frontiers of distinctive contribution. It is education—whether self-taught or attained behind cloistered walls—combined with experience that frees man's thought from the pressure of adjustment to a mass average and outer mechanization.

Today, the Nisei university undergraduate or graduate, in general, is conspicuous by his lack of contribution to the aspirative movements of the Japanese Canadians. They should be the blood and heart, the leaders, for example, in such movements as the easing of immigration restrictions.

The young student should not be content merely to be educated. To youth, this should be a static goal, and youth should want to be creatively and imaginatively dynamic, bursting forth with its own self-inspired expression of ideals and ideas. And once having graduated, this desire should carry him forward on a process of autonomous self-education and communication. An education should point towards more than a diploma, a home in suburbia, and a lucrative job.

No doubt there are talented young Nisei who are concerned about the problems of our time and who have the creative capacities to make distinctive contributions. There have been debates recently in Nisei Varsity Clubs about whether or not they justify their existence, and there have been sporadic growlings in The New Canadian's letter-to-the-editor department about this issue. They are not vital organizations if they must need question the validity of their organizations; they can become vital if they do something.

It is a sad commentary on our system of values to have to confess that the most powerfully inspired activities among the young Nisei group are sports and social events. In observing the indomitable drives and intensity of effort on the bowling lanes and the dancing floors, we can only wish that we could capture just a small fraction of that motivation for other development. Bowling, dancing, and so on, serve useful purposes, and we do not wish to deprecate them. But why should other endeavours shrivel into such insignificance?

Today's revolution is apparently that of man's conquest of space—already blueprints are being drawn for missile drive-ins to the moon. But revolution should begin in the deeper and more complex dimensions of the inner space of man's life. The mind should be weaned from its facination with bigness and machines, and directed towards a new regard for the spacious interior integrity of the smallest domain of personal responsibility.

Let us stop being defensive, stop being apologetic about affirming the importance of the so-called impractical and the worth of individuality. Let us neither succumb to the rules of conformity and their resultant apathy and indifference, nor take up the equally absurd rules of viciously maladjusted rebellion. Then we will be able to understand experience maturely, as whole men, as real individuals.

We can say that 1958 has been a year of mixed achievement. And now with the new year looming brightly, we should aim for the continuance of those projects that we have started and their happy completion. Above all, we should aim for more commitment and communication.

—K. A.

久木兼吉
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ボテート作りの八割は日系

この夏州政府農務省が發表したボテート耕作者數は二三四名で耕作面積五、六〇〇エーカーだったが、そのうちの八割は日系農家で四、四八〇エーカー、一エーカー十トンの收穫見當とし、種イモと屑を三割除い[illegible]と[illegible]しなる。秋の短かい平原州では收穫を手早くやらねばならぬので、ボテート農家でも一日に百トンを取入れるコンベヤー機を使う。そしてボテートを貯藏するセラーは千トンから二千トンを入れ得るもので、それも近來はボテートの洗場まで備わったウェアハウス式のものに進んでいる。日系農家の青物野菜作りも盛んでこれまた大部分は日系が占めるところである。

牧畜の方面でも盛んにやっている人がある。コールデールの武田房次郎氏は九セクションの土地に約八百頭の肉牛を飼っていて、一年中を通して數家族の人を雇っている。ボクスホールの金川兄弟、レニアーの田村彌左衛門氏も副業として一セクションの土地に三百頭以上の牛を飼っている。

コールデールの日系人

コールデールの日系人は戦時中ビーツ・ウォーカーとして移動して來た組と先住者とで成り立っている。今ではビーツ勞働者は殆どない。その筆頭はパイオニアの田中年太郎氏で、ビーツ耕作四十五エーカーというから大きい。外に麥、ペイ、養豚等の多角農家である。別家している長男とあわに三人の息子さんが柔道の有段者。氏は移動日系人の親であり良き指導者であっ[illegible]

[illegible]ボテートの多角農家でタウンに住宅を持つ良き念佛行者である。殺生を嫌うがボテートの虫は殺す。そのため年一回除虫供養をするそうである。虫一びきにも物の哀れを感ずるのだ。西口嘉平氏も多角農者の一人だ。

武田房次郎氏は戦前ピーシー州カグランの苺農者で移動時レイモンドに、戦後はコールデールに移った人である。澤山の子弟を良く統合して、各地にあった農園を賣り現今ではコールデール一箇所に集中した。ピクチュアビュートとコールデールの兩岸に總面積五千四百エーカーを持っている大地主である。肉牛が大小合せて八百頭、チキン五百羽、豚百五十頭、麥のほかシュガービーツを九十英加作っている。氏のねらいは河畔の處女地に河水を引き上げてビーツを作るにあるのだが實に大仕掛で、その群を抜く生産はこの一端を見ても窺える。

その他に列記するは濱端蒲助、蒲野榮吉、小坂正道、大城保和、宮内義衛、窪田隆文、比嘉慶文、比嘉満利、築島サガミ、重廣三郎、藤田春二、高口吉藏、山本正雄、安里松貞、西眞鶴朝計の諸氏。二三を除くのほかは何れも三百エーカーから百五十エーカーのイリゲーション付き地主であり、砂糖會社直屬のビーツ・カントラクターであると共に秋には最新式の收穫機をうならせる成功者である。

平原州の農業は、たとえ借地であっても安く見積って万餘の資金がなくては農作機械を買込み農業に取りかかれないのである。自分の土地を持って農業に從事している人は一段と高く買われてよい譯だ。このほか野菜やボテート作り専門の人々もいる。

實業方面では鮫島兄弟の靴屋、穂谷野曉氏のグラージ、辻占加奈男氏のギャソリン・ステーション、松宮義一氏のグラージ兼ガス・ステーション・木村夫妻が『オリエンタル・コンフェクショナリー』という長い看板を掲げて開店、場所とサービスが良くて白人までが押し寄せる盛況。

二世の職業方面のことを記すと——。

△大城ドクター。ウ大卒業で現在コールデール病院長。親切で白人の信頼厚し。

△西村正。與三郎氏長男ア大卒業。チョークリバーの原子工場研究室の技師。

△教師では[illegible]村千惠子、山本ジョイス、大城ジミー、大城チリ、西眞鶴、中律マコトの諸君。看護婦には武田富枝、安里の兩嬢があり目下勉學中の優秀生も多い。

（エム・オー生）

豊田氏が町議に

【クレストン發】當町でラジオ店を經營している豊田タック氏はこのほど行われた同町會選擧に町議候補として名乗りをあげ、見事當選した。

ト市の山田昌則氏夫人アサヲさんは先月初旬ベースメントのステップをふみはずし轉げ落ち、アバラ骨八本を折り右肩および右腕に傷、後頭部に穴があいて血が止らぬほどの怪我をしたが、トースト・ゼネラルでの治療でやっと命をつなぎ目下自宅で靜養中である。山田夫人は診察の結果糖尿病があることがわかり、轉げ落ちたのはこれが原因かも知れないと山田氏は語っている。

欠禮廣告

山田アサヲ儀去る十一月三日自宅にて不測の怪我を致し、早速東トロント・ゼネラルに入院致し、同月二十七日まで治療をうけ、十日間作義美宅で休養致せるのち爾來自宅にて專心保養中につき年末年始の御挨拶を欠禮致します。何卒右御寛容の程願い上げます。なお入院中及びその後に拜受せる皆様の御懇情に對し謹んで御厚禮申上ます。以上取敢ず御挨拶まで。

十二月十六日

右　山田昌則夫妻

舊知僚友諸彦

紫煙　ケンソー

五八年を回顧

一九五八年のデスク・カレンダーはあと數枚しか殘っていない。毎日一枚宛二百八十枚ばかりのページをむき取ってしまったのであるが、考えてみると、今年ほど日系人間にいろいろ特筆すべき事件の多かった年は珍し[illegible]

△たやすく頭に浮んでくるものを擧げてみると、まずビーシー州百年祭における日系人のアクチイヴな參加と、日本からの來訪客のもてなしがある。それから藤山外相の訪加をはじめ、議員團、學者、實業團の訪問もあることながら、エネメコ劇團の訪日は見逃し得な[illegible]地方的[illegible]は、トロントの日系センター計畫着手は何んといっても大事業である。そしてその實現が望まれ、スムースな運行が念願されている。それから全加市協のピーシー日系人史作成と日系人史の懸賞募集もまた特記すべき仕事の一つであろう。

△眼をスポーツ面に轉じると、岩崎マガレット嬢の國際的な活躍を擧げ[illegible]まいし、東京での柔道大會に日系代表が參加したこともそうであろう。全く各方面にわたって日系人が大いに活躍した年である。

△五九年こは、これらの仕事や協業が健全に發展して行き、實るのではないかと明るい前途が見られようだ。編集部はこうやら相も變らぬ忙しい年を迎えるようである。

次號は三十一日

ニューカナデアンは來る十[illegible]曜日は休刊、次號は三十一日水曜日發行します。

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日本に技術援助か

カナダがウラン賣込に懸命

【オタワ發】カナダ政府筋が明らかにしたところによると、カナダは日本に使用する天然ウラン三トンを國際原子力機關を通じて無償提供を申し出たことは將來、日本がカナダからウランを購入する可能が見られるからであるとしている。日本は近く開始する小型の原子研究ファーネスにウランを必要とし、國際機關に提供方を頼んだ結果、米國、ベルギー、カナダの三國のみが應札、米國は斤當り二十五弗、ベルギーは十七弗、カナダは無料を出すことになつたもの。ウランによる燃料生産面についてはカナダが最も經驗を有する關係上、日本はカナダに對し、この面の技術的援助を求めるのではないかとみられており、石炭不足の日本は今後ともウラン多量を必要とするので、カナダからの買付を保障する日加間の協定が締結されるものとみられている。

外務省筋では『少くとも六カ國位は入札すると思つたのに豫想外であつた。後進國へ原子爐やウラン燃料を供與しようという國際原子力機關本來の使命に米國、ソ連などはあまり熱意をもつていないのではないか。ただカナダが同機關へ無償でウランを提供し、同機關は日本へ國際價格で供與するようにとの聲明を出しているので二國協定の場合よりも安いウランを買えるかも知れない』と語つている。

共産三國と

日本が國交回復

【東京發】外務省は來年ハンガリー、ルーマニアおよび[illegible]になり、ハンガリーのブダペストに公使館を開設、右三國關係を當分ここで處理する。[illegible]を除き、欧洲の全共産國との國交回復を持つことにな[illegible]



前トロント領事吉田健三氏(現外務省會計課長)夫妻の愛娘恭子さんの三越劇場に於ける舞姿。

「藤娘」吉田恭子さん

カナダと米國へ

日本製のオモチャ六千万弗

【東京發】日本製のオモチャ輸出額は世界の首位を占めドイツ製品を凌駕してトップ、今年のオモチャ輸出額はざっと六千万弗とみつもられている。輸出相手國[illegible]ニアとカナダが挙げられるが、この二國だけで全輸出量の三分の二を占める。昨年は米國へ三千七百万弗、カナダへは四百四十万弗。

米國の進歩

アトラス打上げ

【東京時事通信】米國が重量四トンのアトラスを打上げたニュースについて外務省筋は次のように語つた。

今度の成功は驚くべき進歩で、米國が劃期的な進歩をとげたことを意味するのではなかろうか。これでソ連に追いつき或は追い越したことを意味するかも知れない。今后この方面での米ソの競爭はますます激しくなると思うが、日本はこれが軍事面に利用されることなく平和的に用いられることを希望して止まない。

祝聖誕 賀新年

ニューカナデアンに對し常に心温かき支援、協力及び激勵を賜わる總ての人々に深く感謝を表明し、新らしき年に於てもそれが一層と强せるようお願いいたします。

ニューカナデアン 社員一同

勇氣に感動

會館の成就をいのる マキンス氏夫妻

晩香坡のアンガス・マキンス氏夫妻はニューカナデアンへの手紙の中で、ニューカナデアンによつてカナダ内の日系人社會の活動が手にとるように見えて懐かしいと述べ特に次のことを指摘している。

今年中で特に私達が感銘を受けたのは皆さんの樂觀主義と勇氣に敬意を表する。その最近の現われは、トロントの日系會館建設決定である。この事業は、トロント市内にある全カナダ的な適當な日系人社會の十倍もある社會にとっても大きい仕事であると思う。心から成功を祈るものである。

ジャング氏結婚

△唯一の中國系議員ダグラス・ジャング氏は晩市時代の戀人ジョイ・カルダーウッド嬢と先週英國で結婚した。二人はオタワに新居を持つ。カルダーウッド嬢は英國ハロー市の元市長さんの娘で、晩市で公立校の先生時代にジャング氏と知り合つたもの。

△ハワイや米國と移民の深い幕末の開國に大きな役割を果した『中濱萬次郎』が東映で映畫化されることになつた。中濱は土佐の出身で太平洋漂流中に遭難、ホノルルに漂着したのは今から百十七年前、米大陸に渡つた最初の日本人とされている。

早生れ赤ちゃん

五九年度のコンテスト

ニューカナデアン主催『新年ベビー・コンテスト』は五九年で九回目となり、毎年二世讀者間に『誰のベビーがナンバー・ワン』になるかと話題の中心になつている。五九年の幕が切り落されると同時に第一聲を放つ二世又は三世兒について次の通り、來る一月[illegible]日迄に本社へ通知[illegible]。フォースト・ベビーには本社から記念品を贈呈[illegible]

△ベビーの生れた[illegible]タイムと場所、体重、身長名前

△ドクター又は看護婦の證明、兩親の名前と現住所

アイクの録音

地上にとどく

【ワシントン發】米國は先週八千五百斤以上のミサエル打上げに成功、約三十日間にわたつて地球のまわりを百分で一周中であるが、このミサエルからアイゼンハワー大統領が録音したクリスマス・メッセージが地上にとどき、劃期的な電波上の成功として凱歌があがつている。

毛澤東主席

再選を斷わる

【東京時事通信】中共の陳毅外交部長は『中共中央委員會は全國人民代表大會に於て『自分を再び國家主席候補としないよう』との毛澤東主席の要請に同意した』とこのほど發表した。消息筋では、これは毛澤東の失脚を意味するものでなく、毛主席は黨と軍隊をしつかり握るため、それに專心するための態勢をとつたのではないかと觀測している。

往く年と來たる年に

太平洋戰爭、總移動と日系カナダ人社會がひつくり返されてから十數年、生活再建で落着きを得、さらに發展の道を進んでいる私たちにとつて、一九五八年という年は第二の試練を與えた年であつた。比較的滿足すべき日常生活を享受している私たちに對して『これでよいのか?』と考えさせ『これから何を爲すべきか』を計畫し着手させた年であつた。

全加市協は去る六月にオタワに代表者を送つて、未だに殘存する日系カナダ人家族呼寄せに關する差別的取扱いの撤廢を要求した。私たちは市民としてどこまでも平等なる待遇を主張しているのである。日本移民の問題に關してオタワ政府は、前自由黨のキング首相が戰時中に立てた方策――戰後には日本人移民は入れない――を未だに固守している如くである。日本との通商はますます盛んにするけれど移民は入れないという不合理極まる政策を何時まで放置させておくつもりか。日加兩國政府とも『時期到來』を徒らに待たずに積極的方策に出るべきだと思う。

全加市協の日系人史編纂は何人もその必要を認めるところである。その手初めとしてヒストリー・コンテストを行つたのに對し、二世側からの應募が少なかつたのは遺憾であつたが、新天地に於ける生活の開拓と苦鬪の經驗を積んだ一世側から多くの應募があつたは力附けられることであつた。これで二世も大いに刺戟されることであろう。

日系カナダ人老年者の爲めのニッポニア・ホーム建設は、多くの善意が集まつて希望された通りに完成した。この精神が何よりも大切である。四十万弗を目標のトロントの日系カナダ人センターは資金募集運動が始められたばかりであるが既に十二万弗以上寄附が集まつて人々の熱意のほどが示されている。が達成までの道はまだまだ遠い。センターはトロントの日系人ばかりのためでなく、全カナダの日系人の達成を象徴するものである。

センターの資金募集と共に深く考慮を拂わなければならないのは、その活動プログラムであり、センターを中心とする日系人社會の仕り方である。その一つはいわゆる日本文化であろうか、それは日系人同志が『郷愁』を滿足させるためばかりのものではなくて、各人柱が寄つて成り立つているカナダの國家社會に日本文化を注入してカナダの文化を豊かにすることである。

日系人が教育に熱心なのは賞揚されるべきことであるが、より良い地位を得るための學位教育』から更に一歩を進めて、より深く、廣い人間的な社會的なものでありたい。

一九五八年には、色々な重要事業の發足を達成した年であつたが、一九五九年はそれらを引繼いで完成えと運ばねばならぬ、更に重要なる年であり、一段と社會的良心と熱意が發揚されなければならない年である。

(テー・ユー)

The Delicate Pungency Of East-West Romance

By KEN ADACHI

The vogue for things Japanese will never replace the Western on the Hollywood screen, but over the past year there has been a spate of movies that have utilized Japan as setting, East-West inter-racial romance, Japanese actors, Japanese history, the Pacific war, and so on. People who like these aspects have never had it so good since the days of the "Yellow Peril" anti-Japanese celluloid antics.

Before and during the last war, the Japanese were constantly paraded on the screen as a sly, treacherous, fanatical, and thoroughly unfathomable lot, never really up to any good. But now



EIKO ANDO — The Geisha

there is that astounding and voracious appetite for Japanese art, architecture, poetry, etc., which does not appear to be abating in the slightest. And there is consequently some attempt to embrace and understand aspects of the Japanese way of life.

It is even embraced by the Beat Generation—to the point of ludicrousness—especially in the novels of Jack Kerouac, one of the leaders of that curious rebel cult. Together with jazz and benzedrine and girls, Zen Buddhism becomes one of the rallying cries of the Beat Boys. They are abandoning the Episcopalean church en masse and taking to the hills for Zen Buddhism, in search of Dharma, or The Truth.

The movies, too, reflect the growing taste for the exotica that Japan offers. In comes the wild scent of miscegnation, the opulently photographed exploration of the hot-house delights offered by the scenic country, the bevies of kimono-clad girls, the sugared contrivance of the tea-ceremony, and all that. And so Sayonara becomes a tremendous box-office success, followed by The Barbarian and The Geisha and The Wind Cannot Read. The latter is a British film, and that finally makes the East-West theme a trans-Atlantic movie commodity.

DULLNESS REIGNS

All of these films are glossy, high budget productions which are geared to capitalize on the current taste, and they deal with the romantic problems of American or British boys with Japanese girls. But they are all singularly tedious films which only the apathetic could truly enjoy. All share some remarkable faults and fewer merits.

They are all conceived out of the industry's crucial need for good love stories starring matinee idols of wide appeal—commodities in short supply. And in Marlon Brando, John Wayne and Dirk Bogarde, we have three of the most consistently popular champions of the breed. All three prove to be a great deal less than adequate.

In Sayonara as Gruver-san, Air Force ace Brando, who has done far better in On The Waterfront and A Streetcar Named Desire, displays his famous torso and mumbles his way through some cliche-ridden lines in his infatuation with Japanese dancer Miiko Taka. Bogarde, playing a Royal Air Force flight lieutenant who survives the disastrous retreat from Burma in 1942, takes a Japanese-language course at Delhi in preparation for new duties as a POW interrogator, and falls in love with Japanese instructress Yoko Tani, is similarly listless in The Wind Cannot Read.

John Wayne, as America's first consul-general to Japan, Townsend Harris, in The Barbarian and The Geisha, is convincing when standing imperturbably in front of the mouth of a cannon about to fire on an approaching American vessel, and when being thrown by a pint-sized judo expert. But strip Wayne of his diplomatic dress, and it is easy to visualize him in cowboy-and-gun regalia and drawling his lines in that manner which he has got down by rote. He might be just another marauding Tartar chieftain encountering a broken blossom and saving her from several fates worse than death.

All three of the films turn on the inter-racial romance, the Rudyard Kiplingesque theme that has been dramatized many times since Shakespeare's Othello and Puccini's Madame Butterfly. They all end variously: in Sayonara it is a dual tragic-comic ending: tragic because of the inevitability of the bloody end of the Red Buttons-Miyoshi Umeki romance; comical because one wonders what is to happen to Lloyd Gruver and Hana-ogi after they settle down to the rigours and tensions of marriage.

HAPPILY EVER AFTER?

After all, it is obvious to anyone in the audience that Hero Brando and Heroine Taka are woefully mismatched as partners for life. She is a sensitive, delicate-as-a-flower-blossom, dedicated artist; and he is an obtuse, genial, All American one-of-the-boys slob who would look natural with a comic book while lounging around in one of those Japanese kimonos. Brando, let us admit, gets the type off accurately: little personality, no conversational powers, no sensitivity; in short, a real "nice" boy.

Then, too, perhaps the movie-makers think that the Japanese succumb easily to such types, for in The Barbarian and the Geisha, we have John Wayne offering the Shogun a telescope and a few bottles of bourbon, and friendly relations are almost immediately established. A good bit of American know-how?

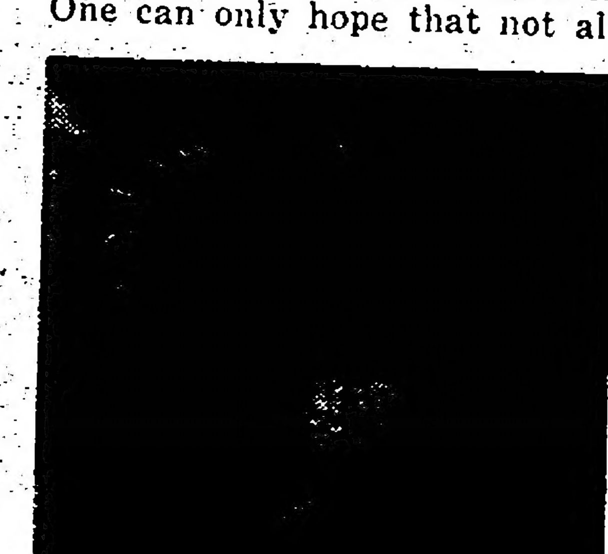
The uninspiring endings in the other two films will no doubt satisfy the women in the audience who frequent the daytime showings to which I usually go. They are both lushly sentimental-melodramatic endings in a gushy-soapy way. Heroine-geisha Eiko Ando as Okichi, who ministers to the comforts of Hero Wayne and naturally falls in love with him, runs away at film's end to look tenderly at him from a distance, sacrificing her heart's desire for "nobler" ends of state and protocol. In The Wind Cannot Read, Sabby dies of an incurable brain ailment, with Bogarde standing forlornly outside the hospital door.

One must conclude that East does not really meet West on any of the terms put forth in the three films.

LIKE KOKESHI DOLLS

But what flaws the films are the three main female leads: Seattle-born Nisei Miiko Taka, Manchuria-born Eiko Ando, and Paris-born Yoko Tani. None of them is particularly eye-taking under the camera's too revealing eye, unless accoutered in nihongi. But worse of all, they are characterized by an inability to act. They are sugary sweet and acquiescent in their demonstration of the wish of the Japanese to please their patrons, the American or British services. Nothing shows behind the impassivity of their cameo-round faces; they are like kokeshi dolls in their fragile, frozen immobility.

Miss Tani is the worse offender. Throughout the entire film, she giggles and titters, and half covers with her hand the over-arching laugh that comes gurgling out of her mirthless diaphragm. One can only hope that not all Japanese women are as silly as the Sabby she portrays, nor all American "boys" as insensitive as Brando's Gruver-san.



YOKO TANI

The exploration of the theme of inter-racial repulsion and attraction is, of course, to be lauded, but how can anyone sympathize when one is led to wonder where the attraction ever lay, one for the other? Both the James Michener and Richard Mason novels, the wombs from which Sayonara and The Wind Cannot Read emerge, are admittedly light-weight, "popular" fiction, with little of the depth of theme and character that good novels reveal, but nonetheless they are much better than their celluloid offspring.

Of course, there are some merits in these films

(Continued on page three)

Holiday Supplement
THE NEW CANADIAN
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THE WAY TO ZEN

By REV. TAKASHI TSUJI

"Can you hear the clap of a single hand?"

To such a nonsensical question, the reader will undoubtedly answer with an emphatic "No!"

The answer, of course, is based on his sense experience. He knows the world and his life only through the senses of hearing, tasting, smelling, touching and seeing. He knows from past experience that only when two palms are brought together can he hear a sound. Zen, however, asks the question, "Is sense experience the only way to know the world?"

The Zen Buddhist will say that our lives are too rational and logical. He will assert that there is another way in which man can come to grips immediately and directly with reality.

When the Zen master asks his disciple the question of the clap of the single hand, he is trying to arouse the disciple from his ordinary way of rational thinking and open up for him a new vista of life through a greater awareness that arises from the depths of his consciousness. This awakening is called "the third eye" in Buddhism.

The Zen experience is often described as intuitive. Intuition, however, implies a subject that intuits and an object that is intuited. That is not so in Zen. The subject and the object have been identified; or better still, a realization takes place in the deepest seat of man's consciousness of the oneness of the universe.

Let me digress here a litt and explain to the reader fundamental approach to Bu hism. On the ordinary level everyday thinking and expe ence, we always divide the wo into two: mainly, good and e subject and object, God man, Buddha and senti beings, mind and matter, Buddhism says this is true o in so far as our thinking or tellect is concerned, but if were to take another step hig —to a higher level of consci ness—then we will be free fr thinking in terms of opposi and arrive at a perfectly ha monious state of oneness.

This was the consciousne experienced by Gautama, Buddha, when he attained e lightenment. He was able to s his life and the universe clear perspective. Emotion a reason had been perfectly h monized. There was no long the conflict of the mind a heart, the spirit and the fles The Buddha hesitated in sile meditation. Should he try communicate this experience explaining and teaching? Wou he not spoil everything by put ing this experience upon th operating table of intellect lightenment. He was able to s analysis and subjecting it to th blade of rational surgery?

A deep compassion for a sentient beings caught the net of ignorance, greed ar anger, stirred within his hea and he opened his mouth preach, even though he wa aware that words could n truly communicate his exper

(Continued on page seven)

The Nanga's Rhythm



This Nanga painting of the Bamboo, which was especially made for the Christmas Issue by Miss Marjorie Pigott, was painted on a plain sheet of paper with a Japanese brush and sumi (ink-stick).

I have always thought about learning how to paint Nanga because its simplicity, elegance, and rhythmic feel appealed to me. The Nanga always has to be painted with an eye for the life, the inner rhythm, of the material object.

There are four fundamental subjects or themes in Nanga painting: Orchid, Bamboo, Plum, and Chrysanthemum. They are called "Shi-Kunshi", or Four Noblemen, because of their form, and they have such dignity and grace that Nanga painters become completely absorbed in them.

In painting the Nanga, one has to hold the brush vertically, and paint in rapid strokes in order to capture the life of the subject. The life of the painting comes essentially from the light and shade as applied through the ink. It is said that the only way to show the roundness of the bamboo shoot is to apply the brush vertically; if handled diagonally, the shoot will come out flat.

Miss Pigott, the artist, studied the Nanga in Japan extensively before the war, and is now painting and teaching the art of the Nanga in Toronto. She has made several exhibitions and demonstrations in the past years.

—T.U.

THE DELICATE PUNGENCY

(Continued from Pa

that make perhaps the price of admission not too outrageous. I can recollect, for example, the delightful, minor-keyed performances of Ricardo Montalban as a Kabuki dancer and Miyoshi Umeki and Red Buttons as the star-crossed lovers in Sayonara. And the chief actor that broods over the proceedings is Japan herself. She is beautifully filmed, with her marvellously enamelled surfaces, subtly modulated in her color effects just as were "Gate of Hell" and other Japanese-made films. The splendour and glory of Japan—India in the case of The Wind Cannot Read—are enough to glut the eye's appetite for visual treat.

But there the faults lie. These films are treatments of a theme from the outside; the characters are flat, two-dimensional stereotypes. And as moving human documents that might have excited the mind as well as the eye, they fail miserably. It is disappointing that expert directors like Sayonara's Joshua Logan and The Barbarian's John Huston had such bad days.

Let me try to illustrate how much more meaningful they could have been by a comparison with the superb The Bridge on the River Kwai, the Academy Award Winner. Even among the number of superior films that I have seen this year—Touch of Evil, The Last Bridge, Paths of Glory, The Big Country, The Defiant Ones, Wild is the Wind, The Key—The Bridge stands even higher. It has, after all, what these three other films lacked: magnificent conception, direction, and acting. And for more than three hours, it develops a keenly lopes a keenly detailed study of the perplexing ambiguities of human personality and the nature of war.



SESSUE HAYAKAWA

The theme of the inter-action of the Eastern and Western minds is present, too, but this becomes swallowed up in the more universal issues that confront the viewer's mind and eye. And like the others, it has its box-office attractions in the Anglo-American-Japanese cast in William Holden and Alec Guiness. But in this case, the "star" quality of these men do not detract but are finely integrated into the development of action, theme and character.

The Bridge starts out with something important to say, something to prove: that is, "War is madness"—a madness that afflicts conquered and conquerors alike. Destruction is the purpose of war—and such a purpose can only lead to the destruction of the fine, brave men caught up in the war as well. And this theme spreads out, with a kind of symphonic counterpoint, into a series of paradoxes that weave in and out of the action as the British help the Japanese to build the bridge, and then the Commandos attempt to blow it up.

SERIES OF PARADOXES

We become increasingly aware that men must destroy and destroy in order to build; that to be a hero a man must be a fool and to be a fool he must be a hero; that war between "civilized" men is war between barbarians; and finally that "all is madness" but the capacity for madness is the only factor that distinguishes mankind from the beasts of the jungle.

Pierre Boulle's novel ended with the bridge intact and the bombing attempt a complete fiasco—this might have underlined the themes more overwhelmingly, but since the film is so successful on its own merits, this change in the script surely does not matter.

The entire movie reads like an epic poem with its movement, counter-movement, contrasting moods, and syntheses. For one instance, there is Alec Guiness's performance as Colonel Nicholson, an old-time stiff-upper-lippish British Army type type, who aids the enemy to build a bridge over the Kwai in order to keep up the morale of his battalion of POW's: ("We'll make this ou "We'll show them.") In contrast, there i Hayakawa's Colonel Saito, the proud, martinet who obeys without question t mands passed on to him from higher and lives by the code of "saving face." cumbs slowly to an eroding sickness while Nicholson's overweening pride as his foolish triumph.

East is east and west is west, but th can meet and be molded into a synthesis, Nicholson and Saito are to be seen as from the same stamp: a peculiar code of with no regard for human values, is all t ters to them.

William Holden, like Brando in Sayo one of the All-American "boys", with litt tivity unless involved with martini shak relations with blondes. But even he through a series of inner conflicts as h lates between placing his own self-inte comfort first and doing what is after all of him. He makes an excellent foil to N and Saito.

POETICAL UNDERTONES

Both Man and Nature are actors in th each set off against, or paralleling, th There are the birds wheeling in flight a ning and end of the film, and the countl and vultures in between. One can s whether they symbolize freedom in th flight or the rapacity of all creatures who this earth. The possibilities, the implicati undertones, of this film are enormous. there is the poetical scene of the Siamese bearers who are idyllically bathing au na a pool of water which suddenly runs r the blood of dead Japanese soldiers whil reds of bats rise in alarm.

And all through the film the soundtrack berates; not the lush farrago of the othe movies, but the suggestive, penetrative that counterpoint the action: most memor all, the constant refrain of the vain Coloney Bogey march, and the ironic fade the sounds of a victory parade. I can re these long after I had left the theatre.

What I'm trying to suggest is that a fi The Bridge is worth a thousand like Sa The Barbarian and The Geisha, and Th Cannot Read. Not only does it deliver its sage" so pointedly and excitingly, but it the imagination to spread out in the co ripples of suggestion that only a great fi do. There is a lasting impact and truth ab film.

There were other films in the past yea half with Japanese backgrounds and a f panese actors—Stopover Tokyo (with Canadian Sally Nakamura), The Hunters, but these are never more than fillers. On film, Escapade in Japan, is the story young Japanese and American boys who lost in Japan and taste the exotica—strip geisha girls—that they meet on the read. Nakagawa and Roger Provost, however, painfully cute as one fears children on the will be. Again, the scenic eye of the can superior to the actors, particularly in the of the Kyoto shrines and the awesome i of the Higashi Honganji, the Buddhist t Jerry Lewis's forthcoming Geisha Boy Ottawa-born Nobu McCarthy) should be e easy to avoid.

NOT NICE BUT REAL

Having missed last summer's Stratford national Film Festival and Japan's e Throne of Blood, Harp of Burma, and Cro the only Japan-made film that I've seen thi is Street of Shame, starring Machiko K Rashomon fame. And since it played for on week, in Toronto at least, at the Casin "burlesque" theatre, with little of the n fanfare that accompanied the others, it m have been viewed by as many as it deserv

The bleak story of a group of prostitutes renowned Yoshiwara district of Tokyo, a time before the anti-prostitution bill cam effect, the film is an indictment of a societ nourishes legalized prostitution—girls acc males on the street and literally dragging into the brothels, younger girls being for join the love-for-sale profession. And, o other hand, the film leaves you with the of the utter tragic waste of life.

I'm all for the current vogue for thing panese, but let us hope that Hollywood learns to handle it better, or leaves it in the capable hands of the Japanese.

**Greetings Omitted
Due to Bereavement**

MRS. Y. OGURA
and FAMILY
147 Parliament St.
Toronto, Ont.

MR. and MRS. NORI HIGA
Toronto, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. K. J. KAWAMOTO
and FAMILY
54 Belvidere Ave.,
Toronto 10, Ont.

TOTE TAKAHASHI
and FAMILY
75 Crosland Dr.,
Scarborough, Ont.

MR. KITARO HIRAISHI
and FAMILY
137 Hillsdale Ave., E.
Toronto 7, Ont.

Mr. JUNSAKU MAEDA
HAROLD and BILLY MAEDA
MASAO and ISOKO,
KEI and TOSH HIRANO
JUNJI and TOSH IKENO
Lakeview, Ont.

Mrs. TAKE OZAKI
Mr. and Mrs. TAM OZAKI
793 Nelson St.,
London, Ont.
Phone HU. 3-3828-W

Mr. and Mrs. TAK OZAKI
444 Scenic Drive,
London, Ont.
Phone GE. 8-5302

GENICHI, SHIRLEY, JIMMIE
KAKUTANI
1427 Kamloops St.,
Vancouver 6, B.C.

Mr. SAKAE SUTO
Box 368
Picture Butte, Alta.

THE ISSEI GENERATION

By GEORGE TANAKA

When I look back upon the era of the Issei, one of the memories I treasure is of a scene of infinite percefulness that I could never find today. It is the memory of a sunny, Saturday morning in 1920, when I was eight years old. That was the year the movement of traffic in Vancouver changed from the left to the right hand side of the street. It was the beginning of the age of the automobile. And it was the time of boyhood reverence for the Stanley Steamer, an automobile which was said to be so powerful that if allowed to attain its full speed, it would fly off the ground.

Such were the times and on this Saturday morning I sat in my Father's tailoring shop, the Tanakaya Tailoring Store, which was situated on Burrard Street in Vancouver. As I sat there, beside my Father's work bench, I heard the steady clip-clop, clip-clop of the horse-drawn breadwagon going by. And as I sat there in peaceful solitude, as is the wont of a young boy at times, I had no understanding of the life and responsibilities that were the concern of my Father and Mother. It was, of course, the time that the Issei generation were fully occupied in making a place in Canada for their families.

Since then, many events have occured, but with these memories I seem to bridge the distance of time to clasp the hand of my childhood. For I have had the privilege to read some of the stories of the lifetimes of the Issei and I realize the Issei have reached the period of fulfillment of their lives.

I am thankful that last spring we undertook the project of a National JCCA Japanese Canadian history contest. From the stories received, we have learned much about the Issei lifetime, and these findings have given us great encouragement to work toward our objective—the writing of a history of Japanese Canadians in which the elements of human interest are contained.

When we undertook to carry out the National JCCA history contest, we accepted certain calculated risks, for it was conceivable that the contest might fail. But we fully believed in the project and also felt that we should look upon the risks as a measure of worth of the work.

When I read these stories of Issei lifetimes, I was profoundly impressed with the achievements of the Issei generation in pioneering life in Canada under circumstances that were often of bitter hardships. I admired the qualities of enterprise and initiative of the Issei which will be difficult for the Nisei to equal in their lifetimes. But above all these qualities, I have sensed the feeling of love that the Issei generation hold toward the Nisei generation.

I believe the Nisei can do a beautiful thing by helpi[ng] complete the writing of th[e Ja]panese Canadian history. [The] Issei are proud, as they h[ave a] right to be—but I am sure [they] are happy in knowing th[at we] work to record their life.

This project has been a[n ex]perience for me, and I [have] found profit in the know[ledge] that as we continue our e[fforts] of working each day, for [the] project and each year, to[ward a] purpose, we can count i[n the] long run on creating the [record] of achievements we sha[ll be] proud of.

The Issei lifetime stories [have] shown this to me. And [I am] thankful that we posses[s a co]operative JCCA across the

Wildgrass

By A. S. WATANABE

Out of the valley
Sighing,
Wind ripples the wildgrass—
Green out of the bursting loam,
Spreading and sweeping
Bright.

Dips and floats
The redwing,
Bobwhites scurry deep,
Whirringly startles
The pheasant flight,
The cottontails heel and toe—

Out from and into
The wildgrass,
Wildlife teems the wildgrass,
Springing from life,
The earth.

Out on the edges
Towering,
Mark time the nodding trees,
Rustling their restless greenness,
Murmuring
The breeze.

Out on the edges
Pausing,
I, alone,
Can see, see
How the wildgrass tosses,
Moaning for mine and me.

For here alone is comfort
In nature's natural way,
In the greenness,
In the wildness—
In sympathy,
Love,
and peace.

And here my thoughts may
Wander,
Heart free
As the wind may blow—
Out from
And into
The wildgrass. . .
Wildgrass
My windswept soul.



The wintry discontent will be transformed into glorious summer if you have a Japanese girl like this around. We submit this picture for no other reason than to help brighten the cold, dull season. Look carefully, for she is a classic beauty, with sculptured face and willowy torso—quite unlike the traditional doll-like Japanese beauty to which we are accustomed.

The Power of a Great Idea

By REV. K. SHIMIZU

The coming of Jesus Christ into the world, of which Christmas is the annual reminder, has from the early days been interpreted as the fulfillment of a long-cherished hope of a Messiah held by the Jewish people. It shows how a great idea, tenaciously held by a nation of people in successive generations, becomes more and more clarified and finally realizes itself in human history.

Idea is power. Like a living seed, it germinates, grows, and bears fruits of its own kind. Every discovery, whether it be geographic, scientific or moral, has its source in an idea. Every invention comes from an idea of it first conceived in somebody's mind. Every reform is the embodiment of an idea which gathered momentum as it passed through many minds.

The idea that the earth was round, and not flat as it had hitherto been thought, led Christopher Columbus to discover a new continent. An idea that man might be able to fly in the air set the minds of many pioneering men to devise the means of its actualization until at last the aeroplane was invented. An idea that it is a sin against God to buy and sell human beings as chattels spread from mind to mind and from heart to heart until enough people were gripped by the idea to make the abolition of slavery possible.

Thus, a great idea has been the spearhead of every true progress.

GIVES PURPOSE

Ordinary men and women become great when they allow themselves to be inspired and possessed by a great idea. The idea no longer remains an idle fancy or a vain dream: it becomes to them a quenchless hope, an invincible faith, and an unshakeable conviction. It gives them a purpose to live and die for. It gives them a centre of life, around which all their abilities, thoughts, feelings, possessions and powers are rallied and creatively organized and integrated. It gives them a sense of mission, by which they can forget themselves and banish all fears, and overcome temptations, trials and difficulties which they may have to meet.

Thus, Graham Bell overcame penury and all sorts of obstacles placed before him to complete his idea of the telephone; Henry Hudson likewise succeeded to realize his idea of the steamboat, and Louis Pasteur his idea of inoculation. So did Martin Luther defy the power of the Pope and advance the cause of Reformation, and Toyohiko Kagawa overcome the stings of poverty, disease, persecution, imprisonment and destitution to fulfil in his life and among those around him the idea that God is love and love is life.

NOT ALL GOOD

Not all ideas, however, are good. Cruel ideas lead men to act cruelly; selfish ideas make men to live selfishly; unsocial ideas induce their victims to commit criminal acts. Evil ideas are like social diseases: unthinking men easily catch them and become their victims. It is necessary to think great thoughts that we may banish bad ideas, choose good ones and become possessed by them.

It was to this end that Paul exhorted his friends in these words: "Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things." The Bible reading and the practice of prayer are invaluable helps in this regard.

Ultimately, all conflicts are conflicts of ideas. During the first World War, Prof. Ralph Perry of Harvard University, later one of the writer's teachers, wrote a book entitled "The Present Conflict of Ideals," in which he traced the different ideas involved in the War. When an idea, later known as Fascism, gripped the man Hitler, he became its embodiment, and most of us still remember what a havoc he wrought in the world. Today we see before our very eyes two great ideas, Democracy and Communism, in a gigantic struggle.

It is absolutely necessary for each one of us to identify himself with an idea universally and eternally true and good, if he is to be a creative citizen of the world, and keep it from utter destruction.

In the realization of an idea, the element of time is involved. An idea may take only a few hours to fulfil, or it may take months and years, even generations and centuries. An idea to write a letter to a friend may take only a few minutes, but to actualize an idea in a book may take years.

SOME IDEAS

When the Toronto Japanese United Church last year decided to accept the invitation of the Centennial United Church to move into their Church building, an idea emerged to build a new chapel there to meet an urgent need. Today, within a little more than a year, it has become an accomplished fact.

When Mr. Yasutaro Yamaga came to Toronto not more than three years ago, he told the writer about his idea of a senior citizen's home for the Japanese Canadians, and today the Nipponia Home is already completed.

The idea of a Japanese Canadian Community Centre has been in the offing for several years, but now it is taking a concrete shape. It may take some years to complete; but we should remember that it took over twenty years to materialize the idea of the Lion's Gate bridge in Vancouver, even with the financial power of a great city.

Christmas is the season to commemorate the birth of Christ, who brought great ideas into the world to be realized for the salvation of the whole of humanity.

MUST DO UTMOST

The great ideas of the Fatherhood of God, the divine childhood of man and its concomitant idea of the sacredness of human personality, the universal Brotherhood of man, and the Kingdom of God and its righteous peace for all mankind, may yet take centuries to fully realize. But we must do our utmost to have them realized, if the humanity is to survive. (In this connection the writer wishes to recommend to all readers Frank Laubach's books entitled "Wake Up or Blow Up" and "The World is Learning Compassion").

What the world needs now more than anything else are more witnesses (missionaries) of these great ideas, and more converts who seriously commit themselves for the realization of them. Then, and then only, can "the Kingdom come on earth as it is in the Mind of God", and "Peace on Earth" become a reality.

A Tranquil Mood...



"THE POWER OF A GREAT IDEA": The Upper Chapel of the Toronto Japanese United Church was designed by architect Raymond Moriyama with his partner Fraser Watts. It is an "attempt to create a space which would engender in the assembled congregation, a mood of tranquility. . ." The form of the Chapel is curvilinear, and is painted white to exploit the potential light and shadow effects. The pews, which can be seen here, are consistent with the general form of the Chapel, but the communion table, pulpit, lectern and platform contrast sharply with the rest of the Chapel to emphasize their importance.

THE WAY TO ZEN

(Continued from Page One)

ence. The teachings of Buddha, therefore, are only a vehicle, carrying us to our destination. Once we have reached our objective, the vehicle is no longer necessary. The trouble with man is that he often mistakes the means for the object. We are often like the man who pointed to the moon and soon became so involved in looking at his finger that he mistook the finger for the moon.

Zen expresses this idea perfectly. "From mind to mind it was transmitted," "not expressed in words or written in letters," "it was a special transmission apart from the sacred teaching." "Directly point to the human mind, see one's real nature and become an enlightened Buddha"; "the very body or the very mind is the Buddha."

The legendary origin of Zen goes back to the time of the Buddha. The Enlightened One held up a flower before the assembly of the disciples and touched it with his fingers. Only Mahakasyapa understood this and smiled. Thereupon, the Buddha said, "The doctrine of the Eye of the True Law is hereby entrusted to you, Oh Mahakasyapa! Accept and hand it down to posterity." Truth is communicated or experienced not by lengthy writings and discussions but by direct experience.

How then do we open this "third eye," and come to a higher level of consciousness? Zen says—meditate.

Generally speaking, meditation is as follows. "Arrange your seat properly, sit erect, cross-legged, and have your eyes neither quite closed nor quite open, looking ten or twenty feet ahead. You should sit properly but your body will move on account of your breaths. To correct such movement, count your in-breath ond out-breath as one, and slowly count as far as ten, never beyond."

This meditation leads to calmness and insight which can be summarized as follows:

CALMNESS

A. Fivefold Restraint of Mind.

1. Meditation on impurity of the worldly life to adjust the mind with regard to passion and avarice.
2. Meditation on mercy to cultivate the idea of sympathy to others and to stop the tendency of anger.
3. Meditation on causation to get rid of ignorance.
4. Meditation on diversity of realms to see the difference of standpoints and to get rid of selfish views.
5. Meditation on breathing leading to concentration so as to correct the tendency of mental dispersion.

INSIGHT

B. Four Fold Retention of Mind.

1. The impurity of body is meditated and fully realized.
2. The evils of sensations are meditated and fully realized.
3. The evanescence or impermanence of mind and thoughts is meditated and fully realized.
4. The transiency of all elements or selfishness is meditated and fully realized.

(See J. Takakusu, Essentials of Buddhist Philosophy).

By these practices the Zen student advances along the path of mental and spiritual cultivation and attains "satori" or enlightenment.

D. T. Suzuki speaks of satori in this way: "satori may be defined as an intuitive looking into the nature of things in contradistinction to the analytical or logical understanding of it. Practically, it means the unfolding of a new world hitherto unperceived in the confusion of a dualistically-trained mind. Or we may say that with satori our entire surroundings are viewed from quite an unexpected angle of perception. Logically stated, all its opposites and contradictions are united and harmonized into a consistent organized whole."

One more word about Zen. Zen is known for its passion for living fact. When a disciple asked his master, "What is the way, the truth?", the master replied "Your everyday mind. . . . When I am hungry, I eat; when tired, I sleep." In other words, Zen is concerned with holiness, truth, beauty and goodness in the everyday mundane things.

Before you have studied Zen, mountains are mountains and rivers are rivers: while you are studying it, mountains are no longer mountains and rivers are no longer rivers; but once you have had Enlightenment, mountains are once again mountains and rivers are rivers. Only you have changed.

It was this unique experience in Zen that contributed most in developing the simplicity, purity and sincerity of Japanese art. In the little flat vase holding a humble bouquet of flowers and a single twig, one can see and feel and smell all the gardens of the world.

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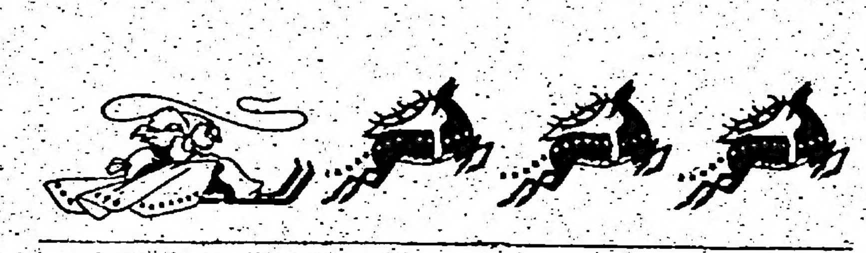
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THE WAY OF ENDURANCE: A BERRY FARMER'S MEMOIR

$300 First Prize Winner OF NJCCA History Contest

By KOTO KAWAMOTO



DRAWING BY STANLEY SHIKATANI

I was a picture bride when I came to Canada in November, 1907, one of 200 Japanese who came across the Pacific on the S.S. Keman. And as often befalls a stranger to a foreign land, I had a miserable time of it during my first days in Victoria. By a misunderstanding, my new husband was not there to greet me; he was still in Tacoma. So I had to spend a whole week at the Hirano Hotel, often crying all day long, engulfed in the loneliness and homesickness that must come over all immigrants.

But he finally came to take me to our home. We set out for Hammond where already eight people from Yamaguchi-ken were occupied in farming. Naturally, the district was commonly called by the Japanese as "Yamaguchi-miura."

It was raining heavily when we arrived at the Hammond railroad station where my sister and brother-in-law, Mr. Ebisuzaki, waited to welcome us. We got into the horse-drawn wagon and drove over the bumpy road surrounded on all sides by timber and ragged bush until a log house loomed into sight about a mile away. Since I had never before seen a log house, I thought it must belong to a beggar, or at least to someone very poor. I had the idea that all Japanese settlers in Canada lived in brick houses with all the conveniences. Presently I saw two brick houses on the way, and felt surely that one of these must be mine.

Beggars Numerous?

But we kept going, leaving behind the forest and coming upon an open field which had two shacks standing upon it. The beggars must be numerous in Canada! Mr. Ebisuzaki, however, told me that these belonged to Yamanaka-san and Matsui-san. Then I saw a third log house, this one even smaller than the others. Mr. Ebisuzaki said, "Here you are!", dumbfounding me. I will never forget that moment of dismay even after fifty years.

In the house, I first saw a table covered with clean cloth. This seemed to be a good beginning. But the next moments shattered this thought. In the kitchen I saw an old cooking stove, which one wouldn't ordinarily see in a junk yard; still, it was better than the "kamado" (clay stove) that was used in Japan. The bed was covered with white sheets and a spread, but when I looked under the blanket, I found dry hay—this, apparently, was to serve as a mattress. I felt self-pity gushing over me when I saw this. Why did I travel such a long way just to sleep on hay! But I couldn't return to Japan, and I had to console myself by thinking that if pleasure comes first, hardship is bound to follow, but if hardship is overcome, pleasure will follow.

The walls of the cabin were constructed of plain cedar shakes, and since they were not sealed tightly, the rain often penetrated right into the house. And during the first winter, this made me break out into shivers. An old stove only took away a little of the chill.

'In Some Kind of Hell'

After the winter passed, we set out to work. Having leased a thickly wooded field for five years, we were to plant strawberries after clearing the brush. All eight Japanese families in the district were occupied in the same kind of work. It turned out that we had no trouble over insects and diseases, and consequently, strawberry growing proved easier than it was in later years. But work was hard—harder than any kind of work I had done in Japan. It affected me so much that I thought I must be in some kind of hell. And it was only my determined spirit that kept my oft-spent body going. I kept telling myself that we would have to pay a penalty to the white owner if the leased land were not cleared within five years. And, in 1909, during this toil, my first child was born.

Around this time, my husband wanted to lease a cleared plot of land that he had in mind. But when I went to look at it, I saw that the grass was growing too thickly, and naturally I told him that I didn't agree with him. My husband was peeved at me, and leased the field without telling me. This was the first of a series of disagreements over major issues which I had with my husband. Often it turned out that I was right, for when harvesting time came, we had to pick the berries amidst grass which was growing taller than the plants. Although the field was only two acres, we only managed to get a crop from a quarter of it. I couldn't find the words to express my dejection.

Again, in the next season, my husband leased a place without regard for my advice. This time it was bushland where bracken sprouted all over. Moreover, the field was a long way from home, and it was also impossible to hire extra hands at the rate of twenty dollars a month since we had little money. As a result, we had to return the land to the owner and pay the penalty. That night I thought I would have to return to Japan after only three years without having achieved any measure of success. Was this the land of promise that I had anticipated in Japan? Life seemed only to consist of backbreaking work that reaped no returns.

Must Have Own Land

I decided that the only answer was to possess our own land, something that no other Japanese in Hammond had done. It was the only thing that would free us of the strangling limitations of leasing land, of trying to clear land within a short period of time, of having to pay a penalty if we could not succeed. If we had our own land, we could clear it little by little whenever we could, and ownership would certainly give us added incentive.

Near a truck road, we found property which was valued at $400 per acre. This meant that we had to pay $1,600 for the four acres we wanted—no mean sum in 1910. But we borrowed the money, and settled down to work even harder. This meant that we had to continue to work for other owners.

During the winter of 1911, I helped my husband who had a contract job of cutting wood. I cut wood and dug stumps until just a few days before my third child came. After this work was completed, we set about cutting down the trees on our own property. When picking season arrived, I worked at the nearby white farmer's place, taking my two children, then aged three and four, and leaving my baby at home. In order to feed the baby, I had to take off half an hour during the day, so I had to make up for this in the evenings after the usual time to stop working. I don't think any white or Japanese women worked as hard as I during those days.

After the strawberries would come the raspberries. For the sake of the children, I started to work one hour later than my husband who began at 7 a.m. And since I took the three children with me, I felt obliged to work harder than the others. The owner recognized my hard work, for he always paid me the same amount as the men—twenty cents an hour. He often used to come out to the field and tell me to take a few minutes respite to feed my baby. He had such a warm heart. During the winter, he gave me work washing the family's clothes.

"We have to work hard because you wanted to own property", my husband used to say to me when we both fell into a depressed state. All the money we made went into paying debts, and so my husband continually grumbled at me because buying the property was my wish. Yes, I worked hard in order to have enough money to meet our debts. And I am amazed now when I look back at those days at what hard work I could do without ruining my health.

In the evenings, I used to watch the childrens' faces as they slept peacefully, and I often cried because I couldn't take better care of them, particularly the baby who always had to be left alone in her carriage. It was at this time that I felt the children must have Japanese education to safeguard their future. So it was that Mr. Miyamoto came to live in our house in exchange for looking after it. I was to return to Japan with the children and my husband was to find work elsewhere.

I returned, then, to Japan in September, 1913, carrying my fourth child inside me. Both my parents and my husband's parents were happy to see me. I told them that I didn't want to return to Canada, though I never mentioned the bitter hardships that I had to endure there. But my husband's parents told me quite seriously that I must return or else my husband would go astray. They offered to care for the children while they remained in Japan.

It was sad to leave the children, sad to see their tearful eyes, and I went back unwillingly in March of next year. Back in Hammond, I lived upstairs in my house for a while as it was still being rented by Mr. Miyamoto. Then I joined my husband who was cutting shingles in Vancouver. On the return journey home in May, however, I stopped for the night at Vancouver's Hotel Fukui where the baby was born one month prematurely.

Ten Cents an Hour

There was no rest for me, though I hadn't recovered from this ordeal. After spending some time picking berries at my sister-in-law's farm, I went to work with my husband in the Coquitlam bush, where I had to saw down trees while my husband piled the logs. We didn't get much pay as times were generally hard; in fact, the total amount of the cheques we received was only equal to what one person normally received. In the following strawberry season, too, the pay was only ten cents an hour.

One day, a white man told my husband, "Your wife will die if you let her do such hard work!" Yes, I believe no woman worked as hard as I during time. Mr. Yasutaro Morikawa, wh lives in Toronto, knows all abou life. One day, he told me, "No on believe how hard you worked." M suzo Ebisuzaki, now a Hamilton dent, can also vouch for those years.

The years slowly passed.

My fifth child came, and our fin difficulties were slowly easing. Ou perty became the centre of Hamm Japanese families began to increa Japanese Language School was b short distance away from our hous my fourth child began to attend. husband found a job at Hammond two miles away, a distance whi had to walk at 6 every morning. I my sixth child around this time.

Land Prices Zoom

This was during World War I the crops were excellent and prices and for the first time since I had to Canada, we were able to save m We had rented two acres from a owner's farm just across the road adding another acre from our own I worked with Mr. Oike and Mr. shita on this plot on a share basis. the proceeds, I was able to put into the bank. The land price was rising: the price per acre was now an acre—a far cry from the $40 had paid at the outset.

This high price prompted my hus into thinking of selling our land— easy to see that we did not often a I was against this idea to the poi tears, and my husband was moved changing his mind. Only tempora The next morning, a white man arr looking over the land, and finally ing it for $3,500.

I told my husband again that we have our own place, and since bush was selling for $100 per acre, I sug ed that we could acquire a few a As it was, Mr. Morikawa wished to his property, pricing it at $7,000 for ten acres. The land looked fine to but I hesitated because we couldn' sure that the crops were going to ceed and also because the price wa high. I flatly threatened that I w return to Japan if he bought the My husband, however, called all friends to our house and they forced to accept his idea. It was their comb efforts and my weakness that made agree.

(Continued on Page Seven)

Holiday Supplement
THE NEW CANADIAN
SECTION TWO Wednesday, December 24, 1958

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All in One Lifetime

(Second Prize Winner)

By MANZO YOSHIDA

The year was 1891 and I was 18 years old when I arrived in San Francisco. There I spent two years, mainly assisting Mr. Y. Shibata of Kurume, Japan, who was the inventor of the automatic telephone dial system, and who had acquired patent rights effective for 16 years. I also spent some time in learning the English language.

When I went back to Japan it was to help bring over fifty Japanese youths from Karume to Canada. They were unfortunate, almost penniless youths, and I aided them by advancing boat fare and in acquiring passports. We reached Victoria in October 1893, but as times were bad, it was difficult to find jobs for them.

I managed to place fifteen of the youths with Canadian families as houseboys. The rest obtained jobs in logging camps. This is the way they spent their first winter in Canada. From May to October of next year, they worked in the fishing industry around Vancouver. And since they saved some money, I sent them to California.

In California I leased some land which allowed the proper kind of irrigation necessary for growing rice. This experiment proved to be a great success, inspiring white farmers to attempt the same. This is how "California rice" came to be produced in great quantities in the years that followed.

Since two of the group were carpenters, they were useful in working with me at a bamboo craft shop which I opened in Tacoma. Here I also enrolled in business school, and upon graduation, left the store in the hands of these carpenters.

Montreal and Boston were the next two stops in my travels during 1896. In my one-month stay in Montreal, I met two Japanese: Viscount Kato who was studying at McGill University, and Mr. Ogawa who was proprietor of a picture-frame store. Ogawa's wife was a charming Canadian girl, and her sister was eventually to marry Viscount Kato. Together they went to Japan where they operated a big ranch in Hokkaido.

Ogawa, on the other hand, was not only a wrestler but a member of a Japanese circus troupe, comprised of about forty people from Canada and the U.S. This group used to demonstrate sumo, acrobatics, flower arrangements, garden plants, and fine needle work to Occidentals. And Mr. Horikoshi, one of the members who doubled as interpreter, became the founder of the Horikoshi Silk Company in London and New York.

On to Boston where I studied architecture for three years. One of my designs won first prize at a showing at a museum there. But illness forced me to stop my studies, and I spent some time in New York, working under Mr. Shimomura, treasurer of the circus troupe.

My next experience consisted of the opening of an auction store in Atlantic City. It was one of ten auction stores in the city which sold expensive Japanese articles, the prices ranging from fifty to a thousand dollars. In February of each year, we made catalogues of Japanese items, and in this way ten times more were sold than by retail stores. We got quick returns this way.

But this all ended when depression hit New York in 1905, the run on 57 banks ending the boom. Naturally, the auction business suffered, and though I moved on to Boston to carry on the same line, it met with ill success.

My fortunes, however, took a turn for the better when Mr. Massey, the father of the present governor-general, convinced me that I should come to Toronto and Hamilton to open auction
businesses. Mr. Massey always showed
heart, not only to me, but to all Japan
would consider any newcomer to Canad
sonal guest. The basic reason for his ki
think, was that when the Massey-Harris
fered difficult times, the Japanese gov
placed tremendous orders of farming m
and tools for use in Hokkaido.

I had leased a store on 38 Yonge St. i
to for ten years. And so I went to Japan
to purchase some goods. But when I ha
a large amount, a wire from Toronto
me that the lease had been transferred to
person because he had paid a thousand
more than I. Overcoming my disappoin
returned to Toronto.

I opened two retail stores dealing in
other Japanese goods in Montreal that y
added a third in Quebec City in 1919.
were named "Tokio Stores." World War
red on business as Japanese goods came
mand, and as a consequence, I made qu
of money during this period.

With the money, I bought some real es
invested in stocks. But the great depre
1929 ruined this speculation. My business
ed, the value of the shares dropped co
and it became difficult to collect rents
tenants. In two years' time, I was a b
man.

Times improved around 1933, and I
to open the Japanese Trading Co., as C
agent for the Mitsui Bussan, an impor
company in New York. I also became so
of "Fuso Lamps." This last undertaking
to be very successful, until the Canadian
Electric Co., suffering from our com
sought to interfere by claiming that the J
electric light bulbs infringed upon their

With the backing of the Fuso Co. and
the big Japanese banks, I took the case
hiring Smart & Biggar, an extremely co
group of lawyers. Chief witnesses were
misaburo Naruse who possessed patents
of the leading countries in the world, a
owner Michio Hayashi who came to Can
the hearing. After losing the case in the
quer Court, we won victory when we purs
case to the Supreme Court of Canada.

The C.G.E. lost the case when it was
that the patent office erred in giving the
to them. There had already been a frostin
in the market before the C.G.E. put the
circulation. Yet the C.G.E. carried the ca
to Privy Council in London, only to fai
By this time the Fuso Co. had grossed $1
over sales of the bulbs. The case had tak
three years, and C.G.E. had to pay costs
Fuso Co. amounting to $115,000.

Although we won the case, World War
a damper on our operations since obvio
could no longer import bulbs from Japa
Fuso Co. also sought damages of $1,
against C.G.E. but since we no longer
the backing of the Japanese bank, little
done.

After I retired from business in 1946, I
some farm land three miles out of M
When the land was amalgamated with t
its value immediately went up. I kept 2
near my house, and sold one hundred ac
couldn't take care of it and also found t
ment of taxes hard to meet. The value
land was twenty times more than what
paid. I was a very fortunate man.

I am 85 years old now, and am enjoy
life in the country. I often fish for tro
St. Agathe in the evenings, and since I o
cottages I visit there with my family u
snow falls. This is the greatest pleasure
at the present time.

Issei in Khaki in World War 1

(Third Prize Winner)

By SAINOSUKE KUBOTA

At the outbreak of the World War of 1914-18, the Canadian Government would not accept the enlistment of Japanese into the Canadian Army, though some of them were naturalized citizens. Lacking the right to vote meant, among other things, that Japanese Canadians could not fight for Canada even if they were needed.

We felt, however, that the Japanese Canadians should not merely sit around and do nothing in this grave time. And therefore in 1915, the Canadian Japanese Association in Vancouver requested the Dominion Government in Ottawa to form a special Japanese volunteer unit. The Government gave its permission in December, 1915.

So it was that the unit was formed in January, 1916, and by April, totalled 150 volunteers. Trained by Sergeant-Major Hall and Captain Cuffen, the unit would often march along the streets in the Vancouver and Steveston districts. This was a pleasant thing!

But a sudden change came about in government policy in June. The policy stipulated that the Government would only permit the formation of a regiment which would be able to supply replacements when needed. The Canadian Japanese Association knew it was impossible to abide by this regulation; hence, the volunteer group was disbanded, with a great deal of regret.

After this disbandment, some of the disappointed trainees went back to fishing in the Skeena district, but others went to Alberta where Japanese were being accepted into the army since in



The author on New Year's Day, 1919, on his return to Canada.

that province, no Japanese were disbarred from the franchise. I decided to join this latter group, and reached Calgary in the middle of June.

The Sergeant-Major at the recruiting station told me that if I were a naturalized citizen, I would be accepted. He made this sound like an order, but I was pleased. Finding out that I was hungry, he told a soldier to take me to a nearby restaurant.

I was then taken to the army camp outside Calgary where rows and rows of tents stretched like white-capped waves as far as the eye could see. I passed the physical examinations and received my army clothes. I was finally a soldier in the Canadian Army. I was so happy my heart was pounding.

The following morning the bugle woke us up at 6 a.m. The corporal told me to go to the large tent where I was to work at the officers' dining room. The cook later told me that I was lucky to belong to the transport corps because I would not have to go to the front. He added that he would give me good food and my job was merely to clean the dining room. All of this changed the mood of happiness I felt yesterday. I was so disappointed that I coudn't utter a word.

When I finished the day's work, I returned to the tent where the five white soldiers who were my tent-mates all thought that I was so lucky to have this job. I wanted to say, "You're all dumb!", but I remained silent. They asked me whether I was sick, and I answered, "Yes!"

During the ensuing four days, Mr. Kondo also arrived in this camp without my knowledge. When I told him that this was the transport corps, he was as disappointed as I.

Three days later, it was Sunday, the day we were allowed to go out of the camp. After I returned, it was to be his turn. He was to return before midnight, but he failed to make an appearance, and I spent the entire night worrying about him. The next morning, an officer asked me about Mr. Mr. Kondo's absence, looking extremely irritated. I could only tell him that I had no idea where he had disappeared.

Shortly after, a letter came from Mr. Kondo, in which he explained that he was now with the No. 13 platoon stationed at Medicine Hat, and that the transfer had been permitted. He was sorry that he has caused me trouble. He told me, too, that there were seven Japanese Canadian soldiers in his camp. I felt most foolish when I heard this. He had got a good change only for himself, and here I was, apparently doomed to do what I considered to be only a useless job.

The next day, when I was watching the drill of another infantry corps, two soldiers approached me and asked me to which platoon I belonged. After I pointed to the transport camp, they asked me whether I was afraid to go to the front. I denied this vehemently, saying that I wished to belong to the infantry.

Thereupon, they took me to see the adjutant captain of their platoon. I expressed my desire to go to the front. He smiled at this, and said his platoon would soon be leaving for the front, and that if I could pass the physical examination, I could go with them. The captain then gave me a written order to take to the transport leader. The officer there was not pleased, but I was given permission to leave. The very next day saw me involved in the training routine of the infantry platoon.

Eight days later, the army camp received a telegram Mr. Hayakawa stating tha soldiers from Vancouver ha rived at his place. I was or to go to Calgary where I Yoshizo Takeuchi and Suk Miyahara. I took the tw back to the camp, and all of us shared the same tent six other white soldiers in a cordial atmosphere.

After one week, I was p charge of Japanese volunte cruiting in Alberta. Five Japanese joined around time. Then, with Lieut Sown, I went to Vancouver t cruit more volunteers. Tw one Japanese from Vancouver Steveston joined up. They wished to dress in army when leaving Vancouver. A gram was sent to Calgary t quisition uniforms.

Then to the Skeena River trict where 23 Japanese enli Lieutenant Sown also recr three more when he pa through Prince Rupert and monton on his way back to camp. On my way back, I sto over at Vancouver again. army uniforms had arrived, could they fit the new recru But regardless of fit, the vo teers left Vancouver, all dre in uniform, and surprising Occidental onlookers. Man the Japanese residents came wave farewell to the soldiers. Ichitaro Suzuki even followed until we reached the camp.

Thus 52 Japanese sold formed the No. 4 Company the No. 14 section, with Lieu ant Sown and Section leader geant-Major Prare training every day. We received plent praise from them because good discipline and enthusi overcame any disadvantages c ed by our short stature.

At the beginning of Septem 1916, we received orders to le for the front. We left Hali in the middle of the month, riving safely in England, tha to the British convoy w guarded us against the ever-p sent danger of German subm ines.

After another intensive pe of training on English soil. went to the front on Febru 1917, going right up to the f battle lines. We were soon Vimy Ridge. Atop Vimy Ri were the Germans who could our army just under their e And we soon learned that he quarters was expecting a blo fight. This expectation soon came fact, and when it was over, there were many who not live to see Canada again.

But even in the battle lines, sometimes had some pleasure, we fought in two-week shi and were allowed to return to back lines to refresh body spirit. There were coffee, b hot food and letters awaiting and I could feel that my life safe for at least two weeks,

(Continued on Next Page)

Japanese soldiers were falling in battle. Somehow I felt responsible, though I myself knew I must submit to destiny when I went forward each time.

After two months, our line advanced until we came almost face to face with the enemy. The general all-out attack started in real earnest. At 2 a.m. on that morning artillery opened fire, and at 3 a.m. the infantry charged. The enemy retreated, and we went forward five or six miles, where the Germans retaliated by cutting loose their fire upon us viciously. The platoon was cut to half of its original number, and we had to retreat to the back lines. We hadn't slept for three days and nights since the all-out attack started on Vimy Ridge, and I felt half-drugged by the lack of sleep.

Two weeks later, we were right in the front lines again. We came upon a village that was levelled to an open razed field because the Germans had pursued the French army so violently. We heard, too, that the French army couldn't take care of the civilians when they were retreating. After the battle, we found women's hair scattered here and there. An aged couple, about 70 years of age, emerged from a cave and told us that the enemy had given them food. They broke out into tears, however, because they had been rescued by their allies.

Japanese newcomers replaced the dead or wounded as we continued fighting. We had been reduced to twenty when 18 Japanese from the Alberta 192 platoon arrived. You can be sure that we shook hands very affectionately with the newcomers.

It was August, and we could see the place called Lentz some distance beyond. The news came to us that the British Army was fighting bitterly there, and so our platoon was transferred to this sector. The Japanese soldiers were divided into two groups, one headed by Tatsuoka and another by myself. We were catapulted into bitter fighting immediately. The enemy's artillery attack raked our trenches violently, and in their retreat, Tatsuoka's group left five killed and six wounded. In my group, only Mr. Isomura was badly wounded. As the artillery fire ceased, we piled dead bodies on the side of the trenches. In the meantime, all of the Japanese soldiers were gathered together again to form one platoon.

When the enemy opened fire again that night, I was wounded, and thus my days as a fighter came to an end. I felt sad because I couldn't say even a word of farewell to my comrades when I had to withdraw. The next months were spent in hospitals in England. In March, 1918, I was returning to Canada, with mixed feelings: I felt happy to be returning, sad to be leaving my comrades still at the front. In July, I left England and arrived in Montreal in August. The long voyage home had taken more time because the convoy had to shift to a different route to avoid the lurking submarines in the high seas.

It was like a dream when the train carried me to Calgary; three years had elapsed since I first enlisted there. So many things had happened to me since then.

When my wound had healed in September, the examining doctor told me that I should go to Siberia to fight with the army of Japan, for at that time, the Canadian Army was sending troops to Siberia. I even saw some cavalry leaving Calgary for that spot, but I was suffering from a severe attack of hemorrhoids and so I couldn't fight any place.

Two of my comrades, Shirai and Iizuka, returned from overseas, and together we heard the news of the Armistice on November 11. We were so happy that we joined hands and cried quietly, our thoughts going over to our friends still in Europe. In downtown Calgary, all of the residents were celebrating, and everyone came over to shake hands with us.

After undergoing an operation on my hemorrhoids, I was demobilized on February 21, 1919. The next year, I visited Japan, and then returned to Calgary. I liked Calgary, for that was a place free of racial prejudice; the Japanese there also enjoyed the franchise, both federal and provincial.

After seven years in Calgary, I went to Vancouver where the Japanese Canadian veterans had formed the Japanese branch of the Canadian Great World War Veterans Society. But I learned that the Japanese veterans still had no right to vote in B.C. though they had attained the federal franchise four years after the war. This was the ugly effect of racial prejudice.

The president of the Japanese Veterans Society and myself as secretary worked hard to obtain the franchise. Finally, we achieved success when the provincial legislature voted for the franchise by the margin of one vote. At last the Japanese veterans had equal voting rights with the white population in the province.

We often felt that we Japanese veterans had accomplished an important duty for Canada, and helped in some way to better good will between Canada and our native country. It was in heart-felt gratitude, too, that the Japanese in Canada erected a monument in Stanley Park commemorizing those Japanese who were killed in the war. And when I heard or saw some famous visitors from Japan offering flowers at the monument, I used to feel a surge of happiness.

I sincerely wish that the Canadian citizens of Japanese origin will always take good care of this monument, and that they will remember to offer flowers each November 11 at the foot of the monument.

Footloose in Europe

By MARGE UMEZUKI

"Grazie—I mean merci beaucoup!" I stammered as Enid and I hopped into the car dragging our packs behind us. Then, in one language or another, the inevitable question, "Where do you come from?" was asked, starting us off on our well-used record.

"Canada . . . Toronto. No, I'm not Eskimo; my parents came from Japan but I was born in Canada. . . . Well, we started hitch-hiking last June from Scotland through England and over to Paris. Oh yes, it was wonderful! We stayed there two weeks, then went up to the World's Fair in Brussels. . . . It was BIG and impressive, but it cost too much to stay in Belgium. Next we proceeded to Holland, Denmark, and a little stay in Sweden and down through Germany and Austria to Italy as far as Rome. . . Yes, all by hitch-hiking . . . for four months now. . ."

Then sometimes: "And what did you get out of it?" This was a question that I have not been able to answer very clearly. But now, as I settle myself down to a meagre existence in Paris, let me try to fill in some of the details.

I had come to Europe because of a decade-long desire to see Paris, an ever-present wanderlust, an ambition to learn French fluently, but mainly a desire to know the French people. People are one of my hobbies, myself being a member of the species.

And certainly, we did meet people, not only the French variety but individuals who left with us a lot of wonderful memories and experiences—enough to fill a book, if I could only write. . . . Like the little old woman who came up to us one night in Brussels, appearing out of the multitude as in a fairy tale (Why she decided to talk to two bedraggled hitch-hikers out of all that throng of tourists was beyond us). She turned out to be an artist-writer, and in pleasantly accented English, she told us all about the animosity between the French and the Flemish in Belgium, showed us La Grande Place of Brussels, and related its history before she disappeared into the crowd.

And in Copenhagen, that most wonderful city, where we sipped absinthe, and listened until the wee hours to a philosophical discussion which had no apparent point save the letting-off of opinions. Steve, artist and existentialist, heartedly extolling the virtues of his philosophy with Bill who was rebelling but not quite sure against what, putting down good old American motherhood, the point where perhaps every rebel American starts. . .

Then there's Schwabing, the student district of Munich, and a little unpretentious bar called the Fendstubel. Inside is an unholy mess of would-be students, artists, writers, musicians and bums, most having something interesting to say (or lacking that, being interesting to observe, even in their gradual degeneration). They are crammed in like the infamous sardines, a few of them spewing forth into the street.

Everyone knows everyone else. There's Dieter, currently attempting a biography on dramatist Bert Brecht; and Arlie, the American, an opera lover who spurts out, poker faced, that the "dictation of the proletarial dictates that we all have gold purses"; the boy we call German Peter, who can always be depended upon to be in the Fendstubel; quiet Silvano, Italian, who picks up languages as fast as others pick up girls; Kam, Chinese, artist from Singapore, loudly trying to impress on the indifferent Fendstubel crowd the fact that he was the first to combine traditional Chinese art with modern, and he had a whole book of newspaper clippings to prove it; Chuck, writer and American Negro, whose techniques in the art of bumming were amazing to behold. . .

Hitch-hiking, eating bread and tomatoes, general roughing and bumming showed their effects on one night when we slept by a haystack. I awoke to find myself with a coat of dew and a cold, but opportunely, we were heading towards Hemer, Germany. There we visited Dave and Rae Misumi and family. And since Dave is a doctor, I was promptly subjected to a heavy dose of pills.

I have mentioned that we had enough experiences to fill a book. I remember discussing, among other things, the first thing that is felt by the foreign visitor to Europe; that is, the quality of the toilet paper. The possibilities for filling a book on the subject are tremendous. One can devote, for instance, a chapter on newspapers, a commodity which is common all over Europe. Each country, however, has something different to offer. In general, the north seems to favor a consistency similar to the bumpy cardboard found in egg cartons, though thinner and more pliable. In France and Italy, it's the brown flat tissue; England's is abominable—white tissue which, for some reason, is waxed to prevent any absorbency. And sometimes imprinted with the words: NOW WASH YOUR HANDS PLEASE. Perhaps one could dedicate such a book to Delsey.

Another subject for a writer is the Marina di Massa mob, like Steinbeck's Tortilla Flat gang, except a few of them actually work during the summer months. Marina di Massa is a little Italian town on the Mediterranean where we went to spend a week of swimming and loafing. But the quiet-looking allogio which we had chosen for our quarters (the week's rent for two was 4000 lira—about $6.50—we had bargained Luigi down from 5000 lira), was also the meeting place for the local hoods who lost no time in getting themselves acquainted. I hope I shall never meet such a gang of good-for-nothing bums again. When they weren't playing cards or the juke-box, they restlessly wandered about looking for something to do, and within the four-square mile area we would invariably run into at least two or three of them somewhere—most often premeditated meetings. It would have been flattering had we not noticed them flirting with just anything in a skirt.

But we remember them with fond recollection. There was Oswaldo, smart as a whip, cunning, curious but nonchalant, a likeable character who had an amazing talent for understand- our spattered Italian and a d concerning habit of bounding before us in the most unlike spots; Luigi, the proprietor, ways grinning or laughing a ha jovial half nervous laugh as searched around for some plea antries to offer; Armando, A tonio, and others whose names can't recall, but whose faces p up in memory every now a again. . .

But now I'm in Paris, a Enid's gone to Munich, and we both looking for jobs. What li ahead is a matter of conjectu Four months of travelling (whic incidentally, set us back only $ each per month), of intense li ing, of transient faces, of the u expected around every corner it's hard to think that I'm goi to settle down to a routine. B then again, Paris is not routi



MARGE OVERLOOKING PARIS ROOFS

MEMOIR

(Continued from Page One)

I couldn't recover my former enthusiasm after we moved into the new place, though I worked as hard as ever, weeding and hoeing every day. The farm, after all, was too big to handle. My fears proved right, for a heavy frost damaged the plants in May, the month in which the strawberries flower, and we were able only to harvest a third. The price, too, was not as high as the previous year.

Shortly thereafter, my eldest son returned from Japan and enrolled in public school, followed by my two daughters in the next year. I was the mother of nine children by that time, so we were a big, bustling, happy family. The death of my second eldest son at 17, however, saddened me. We buried him in Maple Ridge Cemetery and bought a family plot there. I felt that some day we would all be buried in this one place. I would never leave Canada and would be content to live out my days as a citizen.

Pearl Harbor changed all this, as it has for many others. The bombs that fell on December 7, 1941, disrupted the even tenor of life that we had toiled so hard to attain and forced us to move to Lillooet after 35 years in this district. Once again, living conditions were just as bad as those first bleak days in Hammond. We spent a year and a half in Lillooet before moving on to Vernon so that the children could attend school.

After the war, the children returned to the coast, leaving us very lonely. In 1953, we sold our house in Vernon, and moved in with the eldest son at Langley. But when my husband became ill and was hospitalized in 1956, we went to Vancouver to live with our second son, hoping that he would recover more quickly there. My son's house is so modern and convenient, something I had never before experienced. My husband, however, lived only six months here, never recovering his former health, finally passing away on July 12, 1957.

This, then, is my life story through the fifty years I have lived in Canada. The details may seem bleak and depressing, but life was so different—especially for women—in the Meiji era when I was a young girl. I doubt whether the Nisei or Sansei who now live in such enlightened times can really understand the hardships that we suffered. Although these details which I have tried to outline seem even to me to be a dream, yet they are all true.

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On Location in Africa--the Awakening Gian

By DICKIE SADA

Excitedly I said to Fran, "Do you know where I'm going?| I'm going to Africa!" Fran's eyes lit up excitedly too. "O-oh, how wonderful!" "Yes, I'm going to Angola!" And her eyes went sort of blank. "Oh, where's that?"

"Africa," to many people, seems to conjure up scenes of deserts, sphinxes, huge masses of tropical green jungle, wild animals, or groups of black men, practically naked, dancing madly around a fire in time to the ritualistic beat of drums. This is not Africa as I saw it.

Angola is a Portuguese province on the west coast of Africa just south of the Equator. It is to the central plateau of Angola, about 350 miles from the coast, that we went. By "we" I mean a production crew from the Berkeley Studio of The United Church of Canada. We were on a "mission" to obtain material for films and filmstrips for a study of the work and progress of the Church of Christ in the Dondi area in Angola. The crew was made up of five people—the Reverend Anson C. Moorhouse, Director of Audio-Visuals for The United Church of Canada, and director of the project; Munroe Scott, freelance scriptwriter for films from Ottawa; Shirley Tyte, film editor; Edmond de Fay, motion picture cameraman; and myself, working on still pictures for film-strips.

Except for a brief stopover of the TAP Super Constellation at Kano in Nigeria, our first stop was at Luanda, Angola, a modern, colorful, fast-growing city with good highways, tropically structured skyscrapers and excellent hotels. Browsing around the city, I saw English tweeds and sweaters, French perfumes and nylons, Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs, and Japanese lacquered boxes, dainty *ochawan*, and *kokeshi ningyo*.

In the town of Nova Lisboa, fifty miles from our destination, there were transistorized hi-fi radio-phonographs from the U.S., delicious chocolates from Holland, *Dennis the Menace* coloring books, olives from Spain which were bottled and labelled in Chicago for a firm in Toronto.

No longer is Africa the "dark continent"—it is an "awakening giant," and awakening, but fast! To "awaken" implies that it must have been "sleeping." We may apply the term "sleeping" if we mean that all of Africa has not yet been caught up in the turmoil and bustle of "modern" living as we know it. This is the case in the rural areas where we were.

There are Africans who have adobe-brick, or adobe whitewashed homes with tile roofs and cement floors, curtained windows, and "western" furniture, but a great many still live in little mud huts with thatched roofs. There is no running water—all water is brought up from the river some distance away from the village. All the washing of clothes and bathing is done down at the river. The staple food is corn, ground into meal by means of a wooden pestle and mortar, or pounded into fine flour by women who sit on huge flat rocks and bang away at the corn with a sort of wooden mallet. The corn is cooked in clay pots, made by the Africans themselves, over a fire on the floor of the "kitchen" which is a separate little hut. There is no chimney,—the smoke just finds its way through the thatched roof! With the corn mush there may be a relish of manioc leaves, or mushrooms, or dried peppers. Occasionally there may be meat (chicken, bambi, or rabbit.)

Whenever we went to the villages, it was easy to see where the "Christians" lived. They live apart from the pagans. The "Christian section" may be across the road, or across the river several kilometers away, even though it may belong to the same village. Their homes are kept in much better condition; they are neat, kept in good repair, and usually have flowers or trees planted around them. The Christians are cleaner, healthier, and have an enlightened look about them. The pagans, on the other hand, are very fearful, superstitious, and seem to be seeing you through veiled eyes.

The first impression I had of the Africans in this rural area was that of shock. I had never imagined that people could be so poor—in the material sense. The people's dress seemed so dirty, and it was obvious they had very little on. There was so much evidence of disease and malnutrition everywhere. So many children with skinny legs and swollen tummies. But I had come from a land where there is much wealth, where resources of the land are harnessed to good advantage, and everyone is entitled to and can get a good education. In Angola this is not so. It is true that things are improving, and much has been done, but there is much more to be done to help these people who have been catapulted by the rush of the newest means of transportation and communication from what amounts to the "dark ages" into the twentieth century.

It was a wonderful sight to see young children sitting on logs in a little mud schoolhouse in the "bush", learning to write on slabs of slate and learning to add and subtract with little pellets of hard mud or lemons. I talked through interpreters to mothers and fathers who had sacrificed what little they had, or went without "necessities" like a door their hut, a blanket to keep them w at night, or that extra bit of food would satisfy their stomachs, so that t children might have the advantage learning to read and to write.

It was a thrilling experience for to be able to see and record on pict and bring home the story of the deve ment of these African people. Thro our workers, we are helping the Afric to help themselves. Africans are be trained to become nurses, teachers, be farmers and homemakers. Better ho makers, not in the sense of adopting standards as their standards, but in p viding better foods, overcoming mal trition, improving sanitation, combatt disease, and prolonging life. (At pres the average span of life is not over years.)

The physical impressions are natura the ones that may hit you first, the la ing ones are those of the character of people. The African people are natura polite, curious, warm and uninhibit Everywhere we went we were warn received, with much singing of welco songs and clapping of hands. Music pl a great role in the life of the Africa To our western ears, pagan music m be very monotonous, eerie, and wei But to hear Christians singing is qu different! I am sure that all their li their joys and sorrows, are expressed their singing. They sing all the time while pounding the corn on the "poun ing rocks," washing down by the rive sitting around their fires at night, wal ing down the path between tall elepha grass on the way to market, welcomi visitors to their villages.

To try to sum up my impression Africa in a short sentence or two is d ficult indeed. But this I would say. T Africans are wonderful people in many ways. We have to look beyond t little mud huts, the tattered clothes cove ing dusty, disease-ridden, starving bodie and the standards by which we too oft judge people. And when we look, w shall find warm, responsive personalitie No matter how out-dated, how fraye or how patched their clothes may be, yo will rarely find a people with more dig nity than the Africans.



Here is the author "on location" in Angola, and as she checks over her pictures for documentary movies and telefilms. The Toronto Nisei went on her month camera safari in late spring and summer of this year. She has working with the Berkeley Studio for over two years.

Holiday Supplement
THE NEW CANADIAN
SECTION THREE Wednesday, December 24, 195

NOTES FROM MY 1958 FILE

By FRANK MORITSUGU

During the year almost past, I've tucked away scribblings on a mixed batch of things and now that it's Holiday Issue time for The New Canadian, here they are—up for air. . .

SHE'LL BE THE ELLA FITZGERALD OF THE 1980s

Pat Suzuki, that chunky California doll who sings show-stoppers every time she walks on stage, has had much publicity of late. Especially so with her stint as a Chinese stripper-singer in The Flower Drum Song. This is written on the eve of the New York opening, but it's pretty well accepted that Rodgers and Hammerstein have another big one. In fact with a reported $1½ million advance sales even before the musical reached Broadway, R and H seem sure to pile up another bundle of loot—something they need as much as I need another debt. But a couple of thoughts occurred to me about La Suzuki after hearing her latest and second album titled "Pat Suzuki," and seeing her on Ed Murrow's Person to Person show about a month ago.

First, this second album to me is even better than the original LP, "The Many Sides of Pat Suzuki." Here's a gal who not only has a voice and a warm personality but she has a knowing way—almost a hipness, and I don't mean in the beat sense. She's been compared with a host of established singers—Judy Garland and Ethel Merman most frequently. The Garland parallel has validity—both gals walk out on and belt out emotion in that compelling way so few entertainers can, even the top ones. The Merman comparison makes little sense at all—except that both are true Broadway musical types in that they sing loud and strong. But Merman is a limited singer, at home only in certain songs—she can't, for one example, soothe you with a gentle ballad unless she had laryngitis, and then it's doubtful.

Listen to Suzuki in her new album pour out "I've Grown Accustomed to His Face," and a slow moody "Stardust," and you'll see that the many sides of Pat are all pretty great. Then listen to her sense of humor as she kicks around "Daddy" (you know "I want a brand new car, etc.") and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," the Mary Martin anthem. When you hear all the things this Suzuki gal can do and how surely she can do it, the true comparison is with the day's very best singer, Ella Fitzgerald. Okay, Pat Suzuki isn't imbued always with the jazz spirit that Ella has, but she has as much as Sinatra and that's hip enough for most of us.

Just as Fitzgerald is the top singer of the day, so will Pat Suzuki be the Ella of the day when you and I are grandparents, if all goes well in her upward climb. And what better than tapping the beat in the old rocking chair as Pat gives out with that Suzuki class?

The other thought re Pat Suzuki is a more Nisei thing. Something I've noticed as a fearless reporter and observer is the habit most of us Nisei have—we either get all gushy about someone who accomplishes something if he/she is Nisei, or we downgrade like crazy. The latter reaction is more common perhaps. I don't know what sociologists and psychologists would say about this tendency, but it goes like this: "That Pat Suzuki may be a good singer, but she sure isn't a good looking girl," and "Hasn't she got awful hair!" and "Did you hear that mistake she made in that last line?" I'm using Suzuki only as an example, of course. We seem to do this to anyone who rises above the average. We can't say just purely and simply, "Isn't she terrific!" This may be a very Japanesy habit—I know that among Issei circles, it's also the thing to say, "So and so is a good worker/or helps the church a lot/or is kind to his family etc . . . but." And such big buts that are butted.

On Person to Person, Pat Suzuki was utterly charming, and what was most pleasing about this young girl with the rough hair, the heavy cheekbones and the poised piquent personality is the pride she showed to all North America in her Issei parents who have accents and all the common traits that we Nisei offspring are so often bothered by. She seemed sincerely proud of them—and maybe that's another reason why I've become somewhat lunatic in my addiction for Pat Suzuki.

(Continued on page three)

NOTES FROM MY 1958 FILE

(Continued from Page One)

THE JCCA PICNIC—A MIRROR OF TORONTO'S JAPANESE CANADIANS

Last July, something like 3500 to 4000 people attended Toronto JCCA's annual picnic—and they came in 750 cars. They came not only from the Metropolitan Toronto area but from Hamilton, Montreal, London, the Niagara Peninsula and other watering holes. Each year those of us who get a kick out of such observations, take careful note of the number and types of new cars, new children and just generally the way everyone acts. Such items as these:

Each year there seem to be more cars as well as more children . . . but this year in addition to the Chryslers and Cadillacs and Volkswagens that stood out last year, there were several sports cars with ivy-capped young Nisei and accompanying young sylphs in headkerchiefs, and there was even a Citroen.

Then to me always a mild shock . . . to see the gay young bachelors of road camp and ghost town days, surrounded by their young brood. I meet some at the wading pool supervising their young, or pushing them on the swings, but most of all I meet them as they lead the tykes to the toilets, usually as I'm doing the same thing with mine.

In fact, the general feeling of Togetherness and parental pride was almost unbearable, if it wasn't so damned nice.

To you non-Torontonians I should also report that the local JCCA picnic featured a much-applauded odori session in which costumed ladies from Toronto and Hamilton dancing clubs did Tanko-bushi and Kagoshima-Ohara in big circles on the grass. Some of the women were in their fifties and sixties and a grand and glorious sight it was. Then soon after, came a rock-and-roll combo called Johnny Kunitomo's Jay-Kats and the teenagers took over with their frantic frenzied strut and stroll. A delightful contrast and perhaps a true mirror of us Japanese Canadians—with another facet being the young marrieds from the suburbs with their children in their late-year sedans and station wagons.

One fact that I noticed for the first time was that just as teenagers tend to dress very much alike (as do sports-car devotees and mixed bowlers), so do the Issei. Have you ever searched for your mother or father at a large picnic? That's when you realize that older men all wear grey straw fedoras with a dark blue band on their grey or white thatched heads, and grey sport shirts and medium grey slacks. The ladies all wear dark blue or black hats and printed dresses in light grey or blue and sensible walking shoes or breezy wedgies.

One thing about this Toronto picnic, and I'd assume it applies equally to picnics elsewhere in Montreal, Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Alberta or B.C., is that this event alone justifies to me at latest the existence of the sponsors, the local JCCA chapter. The officials—and I have never been one—work like dogs each year to organize the event and work all day running it. Without them, there wouldn't be this once-a-year chance to meet your friends and acquaintances and check statistics and kid about middle-aged spreads and pat the new children on their crew-cut heads. Without the JCCA people, there wouldn't be the one affair that helps tie all the Japanese Canadians together—in a warm bond that's grown over the years we've passed through. Many of us don't have to see the others more than once per year, but that once is an essential tonic.

So belatedly, here's my thanks to the Toronto JCCA men and women, not just for the 1958 picnic but for all the other picnics they've held—and I'm sure that thousands of people feel the same way about it.

* * *

JAPANESE CANADIAN CENTRE AND ASSIMILATION

One unique feature of last summer's JCCA picnic was the display of the JC Centre design. Architect Ray Moriyama's neatly executed model (under a futuristic plastic dome) and his sketches of details of the Centre design were studied by hundreds of picnickers that day. I know that many were impressed, but I wonder how many know that other architects and professionals in the design field consider the Moriyama design something out of ordinary?

This is not just another ethnic centre, it will be one of a kind in all North America. You may have noted that the buildings are not authentically Japanese—in the familiar 300-year-old lines we know—but rather they evoke a feeling of being Japanese while being truly contemporary in feeling inside and out. This is an exciting project, and the Centre committee people are to be congratulated for their work and vision in setting it up.

Getting this project built—which means raising a tremendous amount of money as well as doing a lot of work—will prove for once and for all, ho[w] we Japanese Canadians have arriv[ed] Centre which will not cater only [to] minority interests of the Japanese [Can]adians but will promote the best [that] that our Japanese heritage has to [offer] to all Canadians—it will symbolize [that] we as a people are finally truly "as[simi]lated," or perhaps "integrated" i[s a] better word.

Isn't it when you've taken your [place] as a Canadian on an equal basis as [other] Canadians that you can relax [about] being called a "Jap"? Because that['s the] kind of Canadian we are, whethe[r we] like it or not. In the past, there [was a] sad day when the cry, "Once a Ja[p, al]ways a Jap," scraped across our [sensi]tive nerves. But today isn't our an[swer] Sure once a Jap, always a Jap—and [why] not, it's pretty good to be one?

A couple of my friends make [me] ashamed because they, though no[t Ja]panese, know a great deal more [about] things Japanese than I do. One of [them] plays Go, and knows a great deal [about] Zen. Another has just bought a c[ollection] of books on Origami for his child. [My] own children know only a few wor[ds of] Japanese—and have often been con[fused] about whether they are Japanes[e or] Chinese. Although I know that the [Ja]panese Canadian Centre will be he[lpful] to such friends as these who are [en]thused about things Japanese, I'm th[ink]ing of it selfishly. For me, I hope it [will] be a repository, an Information Ce[ntre,] a source of knowledge to augment [the] meager part of me that is Japa[nese.] Then and then only can I become b[etter] than just another Canadian, I'll [be a] Canadian who has a lot of good J[apa]nese in him, too.

So, gomen-na-sai while I go bac[k to] my judo practising and studying [the] abtruse writings of Daisetsu Suzuki.

TWO ON A SHOOT!

By SUE SADA



The hunting season opened with a flourish of city Joes in their flashiest outfits headed for the partridge belt in that portion of Canada that sweeps from west to east, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and the full cry was on: "Tally-ho! Partridge beware!"

No! No . . . Not 'tally-ho'. That's for fox-hunting. Isn't it? Oh well, what's the difference! Hunting was on officially, and whatever was going on unofficially, for Jack and Pat it was that Big Day, their debut as Nimrods of the field. For weeks they had been preparing. Now they were ready, and they planned to leave the city around five in the morning to catch the grouse still in feeding position on the ground.

The night before they had brought out their red, red jackets. They weren't taking any chances of being mistaken for a partridge by some stupid hunter who should have stayed at home with his glasses. They filled the pockets with cigarettes, lighter, matches, compass, raisins, and all the little things they thought they would need. They brought out their boots, and oiled the squeaks out of them and put them on the floor by their jackets which they had draped proudly on the living room couch. They rinsed out the thermos bottle and put it on the kitchen counter, ready to fill in the morning. They checked the ice-box to see that their food supply was still there. Then they checked their licenses, their wallets, their caps, their gloves. They synchronized their watches. And, as the last ritual, they brought out their guns, a Stevens and a Winchester. The Stevens was for Jack, the other for Pat. Jack didn't think he ought to risk ruining a Winchester. After all. . .

They sighted their guns on the table lamp, the ash tray, on the door-knob, grinning happily in anticipation. They stroked the barrels of the guns and checked the safety, and having made sure they really didn't need to oil them again, or clean them, or anything else, Jack and Pat put their guns back in their cases, and tenderly laid them beside the gear in the living room.

At six a.m. they left the city, both still rubbing the sleep from their eyes, and looking a little blue around the edges as the cold morning air seeped into them. They sped north-east and took a side road just twice enough for their car. And bumpy. They never even noticed.

It's a funny thing about these city hunters. For most of the twelve months of the year they are enclosed within the stone walls of their offices, factories, buildings, houses, or what-have-you. All of a sudden, as October approaches, a general fever catches them, and they dig into their closets for guns and other like accoutrements. They begin talking about the grouse dinner they're going to have, and did the wife know the fine art of cooking game birds? Did the wife know that grouse took off with a thunderous roar of their wings to scare the hunter out of accurate shooting, and did the wife know that if you wanted to come back alive you had to take it for granted that all the other hunters thought you were a partridge? To disillusion them you had to wear a bright flashy outfit that no bird in its right mind would choose as feathers. These city nimrods love the great outdoors, and to hear them talk you would think they were the straight descendants of Daniel Boone, and whatever great legendary hunters there were.

Truth to tell, they were more familiar with the pile of cut lawn grass, or the everlasting heap of dead leaves, or the stretch of ground between the kitchen door and the garage. Their daily hunting took place when they found their usual parking space already taken. They were expert manouverers of the clutch and accelerator, the steering wheel and t beer glass, but from the hip do they were strictly utilitarian, e cept for the odd one who w nimble on the ballroom floor.

And yet they loved the gre outdoors, and from September they never ceased to hold for on the glories of nature, and t great sport of hunting!

Thus, on a clear October mor ing, Jack and Pat, too keyed to yawn, left the sleeping city b hind them and went huntin They were silent in the car b cause they were trying to r member all the game laws, a all the tricks they were going use, and trying to picture in the minds the image of the partrid in flight, and the best angle f a shot. They went over the bum side road as if it were nothin Ordinarily they cursed the hig way department if any grav were left on the smooth surfa of the highway. You know wh rough roads do to the fine mec anism of a fine car! As th neared the spot they had plann in advance from the various a vice of friends who were vetera of the hunt, their exciteme mounted. Now the tension show in the tight lines of their u shaven faces.

When they got out of the ca the first thing they noticed w the frost on the ground. Y never saw much of that in t city. Then they felt the cold, they buttoned up their jacket and looked around. Say! Tho trees look mighty fine with the leaves all yellow and red a orange. Really nice. Really som thing. They let out their brea and it came out white in the col Say, it's not this cold in the cit Migosh! B-r-r.

Well, here goes!

They took out their guns, loa ed them, put on the safety, a with resolute steps, strode in the wild woods where the par ridge were . . . they hoped. On inside the woods and away fro the road, they took out the watches, checked the time, to a compass reading of 250 degre NW, calculated their walkin speed at two miles per hour (y know, just in case they get los they'd at least know how man miles they were lost!) and agre to call each other once in awhi to show their positions.

Their ears were so keenly tu ed to the sound of wildlife th the slightest whir of a wing any rustling sound would s them flashing up their guns sight the quarry. That's how the saw quite a bit of nature's p sonnel . . . like blue-jays, spa rows, chipmunks, and even th graceful three-point landing the autumn leaf. They'd have t be dead-eye shots to hit thes tiny targets, so happily they r frained in time. After all, it wa partridge they were after.

(Continued on Next Page)

two on a shoot!

Now, have you ever heard city men walking quietly through the bush? Every bird and rabbit for yards around heard them and smelled them and knew where they were. Jack and Pat wouldn't know this! They walked about two miles they figured, advanced in parallel lines through the brush, and there wasn't a danged bird in sight. Of course not! Those smart birds were crouched in the underbrush, still as the leaf on the ground, their bright and alert eyes following the hunters as they clumped past, almost, but never too close to their hiding place.

All of a sudden Pat heard a drumming sound rise beside him. The sound startled him and for a moment stunned him. Then he remembered, and sighted his Winchester up toward the general direction of the loud whirring wings, and seeing something in flight he unlatched the safety and shot, dead-on. The bird kept flying off and did not drop as it should have. He missed? For gosh sakes'. . . he missed? Well, there was the bird . . . really gone now!

Slowly Pat lowered his gun, as Jack called: "'dja get it?"

"Nope Missed."

"What was it, partridge?"

"Must have been. Scared the hell out of me with that noise."

The two of them felt their excitement continue to rise as they realized they had almost got a bird! Clutching their guns tightly they went on. Jack lurched into some brush, and again the fierce sound of wings exploded before them. The bird shot out from under them and was twenty-five feet on its way before the two hunters collected their wits enough to get their guns up. They both shot . . . and shot! The bird kept going. They had a weird feeling that the bird was laughing at them! Oh well, after all, they had to miss sometimes. This was their first time anyway, and even experienced hunters didn't always get everything they shot at. Thus comforted they went on.

They separated out of sight of each other, while the animal life watched and waited.

Again Pat heard that tell-tale drumming sound, and this time he was sighting his gun almost simultaneously with the upward arc of the bird and pulled the trigger. He pulled and pulled frantically. Not a sound from the gun, and the bird flew off thankfully. That was a near one! What a wonderful gadget is the safety when it's on . . . for the bird, that is!

"Oh shucks! Oh. . . ."

Never mind what else he said. The birds and beasts can't understand that kind of language anyway. All they know is that It did not happen.

There was a shot in the distance, but Pat was too, too disgusted to care. He just slumped onto a piece of clear ground, and leaned against a stump. Jack came out of the bush and headed for the same resting ground. They hunched together. Brought out their packs of smokes, and lit up. They had their guns on the ground beside them, with the precaution of the safety catch on.

Jack offered: "Saw a bird fly past. Kind of high. Thought I'd miss, but shot anyway. Heck, you have to shoot something!"

Out of the depth of his dejection Pat replied: "Probably the one I missed. Had my safety on."

"Oh no! Too bad."

In deep silence they inhaled on their cigarettes, and the smoke drifted back behind them. Cigarette smoke can be pretty awful if you're not a smoker. As Pat and Jack sat relaxed against the stump, they were electrified by the double roar of two partridges taking off from right behind them. Madly they scrambled for their guns, their cigarettes forgotten. They lifted their guns, aimed, all the time yelling at each other:

"Shoot, Jack! Shoot!"

"Shoot, Pat, shoot! Get 'em!"

Clumsy fingers trying to unlatch the safety, the two mighty hunters of the field, pulled triggers, jammed the safety, finally managed to get a free shot . . . and missed. Again. They watched the birds fly away, and distinctly heard them squawk!

"Yah! Yah!"

Jack and Pat were speechless.

They looked at their guns, then at the empty sky, then around them. They saw the seeming innocence of the birdless bushes . . . oh yeah? . . . and lastly they looked at each other. Jack's cigarette had bent over in half, still smoking, but dangling from his lips. His cap was two yards away on the ground. Pat had lost his cigarette, and was sucking on his finger which had been caught by the jamming safety. Pat fumbled around on the ground for his lost butt, picked up a couple of ejected shells, and had a vague notion that he must find his cigarette or the fire warden would be after him. He found the butt. It was squashed out of shape.

The two of them leaned on their guns and looked at each other once more, and saw the expression on the other's face. A giggle rose in Pat. Jack felt a whoop coming up his strangled throat. The whole situation dawned on them with the clarity of a cartoon. The whoop became a howl and the giggle rushed out in a cascade of laughter. They dropped their guns, they beat their thighs, they pounded each other helplessly, as they laughed . . . and laughed . . . until they were too weak to stand. Then they fell to the ground and choked over the tide of hysterics. They laughed until their stomach muscles hurt. They banged their fists on the ground. They looked at each other again and howled. The birds and the small beasts crouched in terror-stricken quiet and never made a sound.

After a while neither Pat nor Jack could laugh another laugh, and wiping their eyes, and mouths, they got up still hiccupping. They brushed off their clothes, picked up their guns, stubbed out the remaining cigarette still hanging on Jack's lip, and with one accord strode off in the direction of the road.

Enough's enough, don't you think?

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Just Another Christmas

By TOMMY MITSUNAGA

The bright neon lights and decorated facades of the shops were all redolent of a festive evening. People hurried everywhere with armfuls of gaily wrapped gifts and last-minute items. The sounds of the night lent their discordant tones to the bustle of the crowd. A newsboy hawked his papers, cars and taxis tooted their horns as they sped along as if guided by some inexorable force. Everyone seemed to have a single purpose tonight. Huge flakes of snow drifted slowly down and caught for a few seconds the glitter of the panorama of colors.

Inside Joe's Tavern, however, things were pretty quiet. Most of the regulars, who on any other night could be found there, were not to be seen. They were with their families. Besides Joe, two others were there.

One old man sat alone. On the table beside his drink and his pipe was an old briefcase stuffed full of clippings and charts. He read with an air of complete sagacity, dragging on his ancient pipe and savoring a mouthful of scotch. He was oblivious to all. The frayed ends of his greatcoat trailed on the shiney floor. He made gestures with his hands and at times stood up as if to address a crowd. Apparently lost in the euphoria of smoke and alcohol, he was living over past glories, conquests and perhaps even Christmases more pleasant. Left alone, he would dream himself out of existence.

"Hey, Joe, another of the same", cried the second figure huddled over the counter.

"Sure, Charlie", replied Joe. "Things are pretty slow tonight".

"Yeh, too quiet. Remember the night of the big fight? That was some crowd, eh Joe?", continued the man, and he pushed his quickly emptied glass toward the bartender.

"Okay, Charlie, but I think you've had enough. Maybe you oughta take it easy", said Joe.

"You know, Joe, I think Campy's gonna be all right. They say he's gone home now and do you know one of these days he's gonna be back in there catching. Wanna bet?"

Charlie was holding out his glass again. "No more for you tonight", Joe said.

"Aw come on, just one more please", begged Charlie.

"Uh uh", said Joe. "Why can't you be like that old fogey over there. Give him a drink and he'll last forever".

The old man looked up from his table at the reference to him. He shook his head and once more was lost among his memories.

Joe went to the door of his tavern. The snow had ended and the crowds were thinning. What a wonderful night, thought Joe, as he made his way back to the counter. Soon he would be back home with his family. This feeling allayed his remorse at having spoken so roughly at Charlie. I wish he wouldn't drink so much, he thought.

Looking around the room, Joe saw that Charlie was now leaning over the table where the old man sat. It was plain to see that Charlie was tormenting him.

". . . I would light a match to the whole issue", Charlie was saying. The old man seemed not to pay any attention to the man who had intruded upon his privacy. "How old is that overcoat, old timer?", Charlie said, grabbing one of the sleeves.

"All right, Charlie, you've had your say", said Joe, taking him by the arm and leading him to the door. When they reached it, Joe threw him into the street.

Charlie stumbled once, twice, and fell to the pavement.

He did not know how long he had lain there. He noticed that there was a crowd and people were yelling to the officer to lock him up. Just then, a stranger stepped up to the officer.

"There's no need for that kind of action, officer", said the stranger. "This man is my friend and I'll see that he gets home all right".

The stranger helped Charlie to his feet and together they made their way down the street and away from the crowd. The bright lights blinded Charlie.

"By the way where do you live?", said the stranger.

Charlie looked at him for the first time. He started to say something but stopped short. In his other hand the stranger carried an old briefcase stuffed full of clippings. . .



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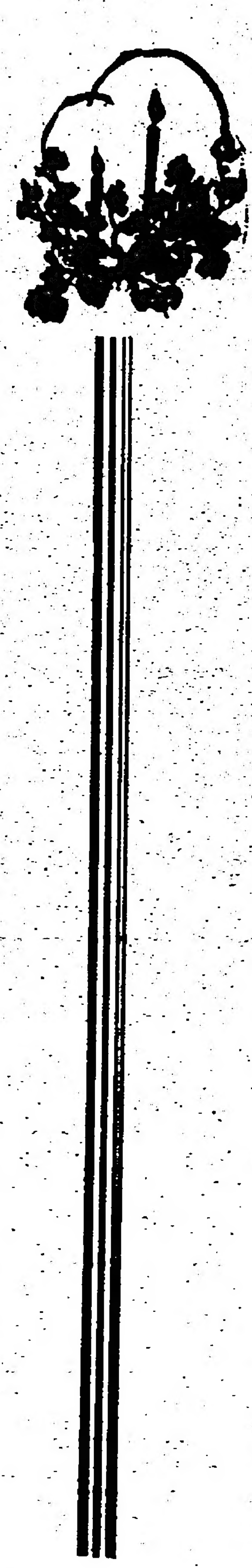
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A MERRY CHRISTMAS

"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." (St. John)



St. Andrew's Church

(Japanese Anglican)

MEN'S ASSOCIATION W.A. OLDER NISEI GROUP
NISEI ANGLICAN FELLOWSHIP

『言(イエス・キリスト)は肉体となりて我らの中に宿りたまへり』(ヨハネ傳第一章)

祝主降誕
謹賀新年

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聖アンデレ日系聖公會
司祭 今井獻
委員會、婦人會、男子會
O·N·G N·A·F

牧哲雄

この夏頃のニューカナディアンに、梅月兄が蔵書紛失の事に就き、非常に失望されて、他人には本を貸さない決心をしたと書かれて居る記事を讀んで、私は同兄に對して誠に相濟まなく感じました。

實は兄の愛書を借り受けたのは、私であったからです。時はさかのぼって三年前に同社を訪ね、カナダに於ける日系人の足跡をたどる資料を求めて居る事を相談した時、梅月兄は親切にも過去の記憶をたどり色々と助言をしてくれ、書棚にあった『カナダと東洋人』と題する書を貸して下さったのでした。

私は研究の好資料を得て詳しく調べて居る中に、次

の年病を得て、一ヵ年を棒にふった揚句、入院切開手術を受けねばならぬハメになり、研究は一旦中斷したのですが、昨年健康回復と共に、勇氣を振い起して再びこの仕事にかかり、この一月、原稿三百ページにわたる研究論文を完成、トロント大學大學院に提出、この秋、日本人としては、一二世を通じて最初の神學學位を受ける名譽を得ました。

學位論文を書くと云う事は、あたかも母親が子供を世に生み出すが如く、苦しいもので、十ヵ月間、胎兒の骨格、內臟の諸器關、皮膚、筋肉等が、母の胎內に構成され、絕えず榮養を吸收して育つ如く、論文を書くについても骨格、諸器關

す如く用意されねばならずその一章が不完全であっては全体の調和を失い、不具な体となるのであります。且つ又、胎敎と謂われて居る母親の精神的準備も、生れ出る幼兒に強い影響を與える事を忘れるわけにはいかないのですが、論文完成は當事者の骨身をけずる日夜の苦心と共に、他にあつて之を勵ます理解と善意があたかも胎敎の如く、大きな影響を持つ事を經驗しました。

私は多くの善意と溫かい友情を得て、ほんとうに感謝しているのですが、梅月兄の善意に對して、特に拙文を草して、感謝を表すと共に、同兄が本を貸す事に對してその寬大さを、私の不注意から失うと云う事であれば、之は誠に相濟まぬ

の四十餘冊の書籍と共に、非常な助けになりました。トロント敎區二百名の白人同學者の中で四人目にこの學位を得た喜びと共に、今後とも梅月兄の友情と善意の續けられん事をお願いするものです。

私の迂濶さから、牧さんに一文を書かせる事になつてしまったが、あの時は全く思い當らなかつた。

學徒の間では、借りた本は必ず返すという堅い道義があるそうだが、ものによつては、たいてい二年三年という期間は借りつぱなしになることがあるという。

だから私も、この前のような戶迷いをせぬように、貸した本の覺えをつけるようにして『本貸すバカ』の決心を少しはやわらげることにしよう。（梅月生）

トロント曙雑吟

チャザム　八木美津朗

落葉かいて黃菊明りの庭としぬ

旅す瞳に紅葉の湖の窓

カムループス　尾本波月

晚學や吊り直したる秋燈

秋燈や盲はなべて噺好き

ト市　塚本岳水

盛んなる菊の面影殘りけり

松風や軒をめぐりて秋暮れぬ

門永幸女

聖堂に空席もなし感謝祭

秋深む瓶漬棚にのせきれず

田中あかしや

秋高し腦院のたんぽゝ返り咲き

木の實拾ふ少年の背に木の實落つ

橋本ふさえ

柿買ふて故國の話また聞かす

醬油樽に菊咲かせよき寄附者たり

池田照波

栗剝くを孫等圍みて急ぎに急ぐ

菊咲きて隣人親しく聲掛くる

宮本タエ

感謝祭過ぎて大地の憩ふなり

サンタパレードの憶ひ出遠く又近く

二階堂たかね

夜學始め各々異る室に入る

夜學の階のぼる時老の力湧く

岡田きよみ

キャビンに子の行きし夜の凪つのる

落葉するいぶかる童の前に後に。

千葉小松

秋の風捧ぐる供花深く抱き

銀河濃し孫にあふまで生保ち

小田蛙葉

秋の風ポーチの椅子を搖らし過ぐ

古りし壁おはいつくして蔦紅葉

西野海の子

林檎の香へ腕をまくりて粉をねる

菊の香をはなつはたれぞ卓につく

淺野健寧

冬構え汚れたる手を電話待たす

靑トメト並べ干す初霜解くる陽に

神田陽山

冬仕度母の遺品のナフタリン

小春陽を隣と分ち濯衣干す

梶岡北斗

秋深む空と湖とゝ暮色の差

姫れりサルビアの色鮮明に

壽美畔道

地圖で見て來し歲末の角曲る

裸木の枝容赦なく剪り落す

梶岡滿女

落葉を餌におほへるリスに步をゆるむ

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友情と善意

牧　哲　雄

…の役目を果す文章は、テー
マに對して夫々の役目を果
す如く用意されねばならず
その一章が不完全であつて

…事であると思います。岡兄
から借りた二冊の書籍は他
の四十餘冊の書籍と共に、
非常な助けてなりました。

雑木林に初冬の光やはらか
しわが捉はれるは無形の詩
と歌

暗い水に星の光りが映りゐ
て大湖にくらき記憶をたぐ
る

花なき季節われをめぐりて
クリスマス近づくと日々を
心せはしく

夜をさして勤めに出づるわ
が日課オヤマの映畫見るこ
ともなく

裸木のあひ湖水は情熱の光
投ぐ郷愁の紗ひつね持つわ
れに

虫つかず青春を過ぎて來し
ことのさびしき誇り今こそ
想ふ

農具みな洗はれてバーンに
並べあり農園を走る師走の
自動車

人も馬も姿なき刈跡の麥園
より吹き起る風小さき車窓
より

年毎に四季の小庭を愛し來
ぬ冬は球根に想ひめぐらす

職あるを倖せと思ふ電車ま
での歩行を朝夕温き惜々

みがきたる靴にどしや降る
冬の雨われの歩速は鈍られ
ず

外に遊ぶ子を母が呼ぶ暮色
なり疲れたる身に寒菊匂ふ

林檎の皮むきつつ今日の安
堵あり妻の話しは妻にまか
せて

草の穂を噛みつつ居れば夕
空に故郷の山の星がまたた
く

思春期の少年が遊ぶ窓の外
明るくて寂寞な晝の青空

立ち枯るる草の穂白き晝の
公園少年の瞳絶えず何かを
探し

船通ふ湖をそびらの放送塔

ためて素直に夜の雪に濡れ
ゆく

島めぐりの船泊りゐる冬の
港黒人の肌の如く暮れゆく

迫り來る霧に包まれ眠らん
か室には冬の花美しく

木の葉みな散り果てしより
木枯の音武骨にてこの並木
道

思索する裏の公園に犬がゐ
て吾があとを追ひ暫しはな
れず

腦髓に思索の焦點定まらず
犬はわが周圍をかけめぐり
をり

犬の亂飛遠ざかりたる靜寂
に形象なし來る一つの詩あ
り

つながる思い

さまざまなイバラの道を切
拔けて終始一貫日系人のた
め

る

日系の息吹と共に育ちたる
ニューカナデアンに限りな
き讃辭を贈る

いつまでも健在であれニュ
ーカナデアン「同胞の灯臺」
と期待する眼があり

ニューカナデアンに繫がる
思ひは一つなり榮ゆるうち
にわきたぎつもの

ふるさと

ふるさとを想ふとき、
僕のまぶたに浮んで來る
のは、
あの青松白砂の海濱に、
寄せては返す白波の、
靜かな周防灘の遠景であ
る。
海は青く、
砂は思ふ存分に陽を照り
かへし、
目路の涯だだひろびろと
白帆が三つ四つ浮ぶ。
をさない僕のたましいは
その灼けかへす砂の上で
少年の歳月は流れ、
もはや悲しみを知る年と
なった、
星をあこがれる身となつ
た。
握っても、握っても、
命なき砂のかなしさよ、
周防灘の波うちぎわに、
こよなくむすんだ夢よ、
九月の暴風はそれを吹き
まくり、
怒濤はそれを打くだいた

×

ああ、なつかしきふるさ
との砂濱、
少年の夢の挽歌のような
美しい朝燒けがもねるだ
ろう。
ああ、いま一度夢にだに
疲れた足をそこに運び、
悲しい砂を握ってみよう
そして握っても握っても
こぼれる砂に、
過ぎ去った夢をたどつて
みよう。
そしていつかは、
僕も再びそこに、
寄せ返す波のひびきに搖
られながら、
すべての過去をそこに求
めて。

大地よ

タ　エ

あゝ、大地よ
母の如き大地よ
春が來ると
ひと雨毎に
うごめいて來て
全てのものが
星や月や太陽でさえ
お前から生まれた様な
氣がする大地よ
春が過ぎ夏が過ぎ
みのりの秋の
感謝祭も過ぎれば
降り來る雨に
しつとり濡れて
安心した様に憩つている
大地よ
花を咲かせて
立派にみのらせた
全てをあたへて
一枚の木の葉も
殘さない
お前のことを
考へて
私はほれ〴〵と
している
あゝ母の如き大地よ
お前のふところに
かえつて行く
その日まで
お前にならつて
私は生きよう

晝の月

西へ行くと西の空に
東へ行くと東の空に
何時もよく見る
晝の月は
青い芝生や叢に
夢の様にゆれている
まる〳〵
まんまるい
たんぽぽのわたと同じ色
少女の頃に友達と
ちぎつてふいてとばして
遊んだあの眞綿
赤黄綠紫に染めた眞綿を
思ひ出す
乙女の頃に母様と
つくった布團を
思ひ出す
風が吹いたら消えそうな
奇麗な雪と同じ色
寒い〳〵冬の日の
あの白息と同じ色
今日も見上げた青空に
廣い〳〵雲もない
お空に一つぽつかりと
悟つた人の心の様に
晝の月が浮いていた

聖誕
賀正

カナダ柔道有段者會
112½ Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

祝聖誕賀新年
安齋蓮治
美代子
家族一同
35 Albertus Ave., Toronto, Ont. Phone HU. 3-6300

祝聖誕賀新年
土井初
靜江
家族一同
235 Beatrice St., Toronto, Ont. Phone LE. 5-2684

祝聖誕
謹賀新年
オンタリオ柔道
有段者會
112½ Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.

謹賀新年
日系各位の御支援を深謝します
歸道舘 柔道道場
112½ Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.
トロント柔道會賛助員

祝聖誕
賀新年
岡崎清助
アーサー
10 Phoebe St., Toronto 2-B, Ont. Phone EM. 6-3370

祝聖誕賀新年
田中時一
キズヱ
田中光顯
綾子（シャレー）
平（ローデリック）
光（ヴォン）
64 Northumberland St., Toronto 4, Ont. Phone LE. 4-5250

賀正
新しい春を迎えまして
皆様の御健勝を祈ります
トロント壽會
トロントスパダイナ街四一五

クリスマスと新年を
お祝い申し上げます
國際觀光協會
トロント事務所
所長 江上左武郎
48 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Telephone EM. 6-7140

謹賀新年
一月一日
日加通商懇話會（モントリオール、トロント、バンクーバー）
一同

謹賀新年
在トロント
日本國領事館
領事 遠藤又男
副領事 和田敏信
副理事官 川本開作
外スタッフ一同
CONSULATE OF JAPAN
180 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Phone: EM. 3-7030 — EM. 3-7039

聖誕を祝し
新年を賀す
トロント市民協會一世部

賀正
生長の家トロント誌友會
東部 香石紀美子
303 Greenwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Phone HO. 1-2319
西部 宮本寧太郎
318 Markham St., Toronto, Ont.
Phone WA. 1-9157

謹賀新年
八坂町郷志會
10 Major St., Toronto, Ont.
Phone WA. 1-0726

クリスマスと
新年を賀します
トロント曙俳句會

祝聖誕 賀新年
併せて皆様の御健康と御幸福を祈ります
エリオットクリーナース
花園源太郎
同 務
同 年生
640 Rogers Rd., Toronto, Ont.
Res. 247 Lansdowne Ave.,
Phone LE. 3-8383

謹賀新年
トロント日蓮佛教會
江崎開教使
外信徒一同
5 Baderow Ave., Toronto 8, Ont.
Phone HO. 3-8263

賀正
門永友次郎
家族一同
415 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Phone WA. 2-4898

謹賀新年
亀岡書籍貿易商會
亀岡徳衛
マスエ
KAMEOKA BOOK TRADING CO.,
113 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.
Phone EM. 8-9934

恭祝聖誕 謹賀新年
平素の御愛顧を謝し 高堂の萬福を祈る
トロント市ヤング街五八七
北村兄弟商會
北村賢二郎
北村勝
PACIFIC REMEDY STORE
587 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
Phone WA. 3-0062 — WA. 4-0372

謹賀新年
ゲエテイ美粧院
經營 樋口靜江
GAIETY BEAUTY SHOPPE
160 Palmerston Ave., (Cor. of Dundas)
Toronto — Phone EM. 8-6252

聖誕を祝し
新年を賀しあげます
イーノー花屋
佐々木菊三郎
62 Simpson Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Phone HO. 6-2041

謹賀新年
新世界旅館
NEW WORLD HOTEL
147-A Church St., Toronto, Ont.
Phone EM. 4-2934

祝聖誕
賀新年
西湖茶樓
SAI WOO TEA HOUSE,
123-A Dundas St. W.,
Toronto, Ont.
Phone EM. 3-7646

Season's Greetings

賀新年

ゴールデン・ドラゴン
(金龍酒家)
GOLDEN DRAGON CHOP SUEY
131 DUNDAS STREET, TORONTO Phone EM. 8-2475

祝聖誕

ニューカナディアン

クリスマス
新年特別號
〔第三部〕

日系人と敎養

土 里 庵

「君若し二個の銅錢を持たば一個はパンに當て他は君の魂のかてに一輪のヒヤシンスを求めよ」とは昔のペルシャ詩人の言葉である。吾々東洋人は昔から人間と自然環境の融合を求めて、自然を征服することは考えなかつた。老子が生命の終末を感じて深山に分け入り消息を絶つたと傳えられているが、此の自然還元的な人生觀は東洋人の何處かに流れて居る。東洋の生死觀は宿命的、否定的又虚無的だとされて居る。但し其の否定的なうちに全宇宙への肯定がある。西洋人は自然を征服する意圖のもとに科學を進めて來た。彼等の生活態度は飽く迄積極的であり、烈しい生命への執着を持つて居る。此の積極性が今日彼等の先進的地盤を築いたが、生命の不安はあらゆる宗敎の力を以てしても除去し得ない根强さを示して、現在の生活にまで其の影を投げて居る。科學は今や空間の征服に乘り出して居るが、人間の内面生活はこれに並行した進展を示しているか。物質一元的な共產主義は無產大衆に一つの希望を與えたが、倫理的價値の標準と信仰を奪つた。又、近代理性主義はあらゆる宗敎に對して懷疑に陥いつている。東洋の大衆は物の貧困の故に一ッの諦觀によつて生きて來た。彼等の生活態度はその故に消極的に見えたが、反面自然の息吹きに合流した强い生活力を藏して居たのである。

如上東西生死觀の現實は生活態度のみならず、文化敎養の上にも强く影響しているのである。

一世はその少、青年時代を多少とも日本で過したので無意識のうちに日本の自然觀、生活環境、風習、祭典、歲事等を通じて文化の片鱗に接して來た。由緒、起因を知らない季節の祭典とか、衣更えの行事のうちにも自然と人間の融合を感じて心温る思いであつた。まして敎養の齎らす品位、人柄を大切にする考え方のうちに成長した事が今日二世の敎育に留意する遠因となつて居る。

私は敎養を二元的に考えて居る。其の一つは生活環境、特に家庭の雰圍氣から極く自然に身につくものであり、他は求めて我がものとする一面である。何百年か同一の場所で同一の家に住んだ日本人には何となく浸み込んだ特徴、古い言葉で云う家風があつて、其の考え方が一生附きまとう根强さに驚く事がある。此の特徴は移民時代の變則な生活のうちにも其の根をたたず、二世にまでも傳わつて居ると云つたら生理學者は笑うだろうか。

敎養は急速に身に附くものではない。其れは他人に衒うものでもなく、有產者の專有するものでもない。我々普通の人間が少しでも豊かな人生を送り、深く廣い洞察力を養う爲に努める心の態度である。人間は本質的に眞を求め美を追うものであつて、其の道を示すのは宗敎、心を養うのは敎養であると私は信じている。

數年前、或る二世婦人が日本文化に關する限り眞空であると述懐した事がある。成人した二世が日系人として自意識に眼覺めた時、彼等を今日在らしめた過去の傳統と遺產に對する無知と無關心が彼等の心を打つたのであろう。二世の經濟生活は大体安定して彼等の內省は信仰に敎養にと伸びて行く。文學、音樂藝術と、彼等の內面生活は充實して物心兩面に生活向上の道が開かれつつある今日、日本文化・敎養が彼等の關心に上るのは當然とは云え喜ぶべき傾向である。

近來、一世老いたり矣の聲を聞く。事實社會活動の實力に於て到底二世に及ばないが、老齢にはそれ自体の特質がある筈である。永年の生活体驗が齎らす思慮觀察力、克己力等は老齢において圓熟するもので、特に日本的な敎養、人生觀、生活態度を日常の言動を以て家庭内の空氣に注入し得るものは一世をおいて他にないのである。

私はカナダにおいて日本人を育てると云うのではない。二世は本質的にカナダ人であるが、『日系』の冠詞が付く以上、彼等の起源と沿革は日本及び日本人に繫がつて居る。彼等をして日系カナダ人の自意識を確認させる責任の半面は父母である一世、二世が負うべきであろう。老いたる一世の實務完了は次の時代に俟たなければならないのである。

ヒユマニテイの回復

今 井 献

第一次大戰の十二月、凍てつく前線の塹壕には聯合軍とドイツ軍とが夫々、敵意と戰鬪心に燃えて對峙して居た。クリスマスの前夜、何事もなく日は暮れ、兵士はほつとして銃を抱いて壕の中にうづくもつて故鄕の樂しいクリスマスの狀景を思い浮べていた。

寒さは刻々と加わつて行つたが晴れた夜空には千万の星が、ローソクのまたたきの如く輝いている。どこからともなく小さな聲で、『きよしこの夜、星はひかり、救の御子は、御母の胸に……』と歌う聖歌が、寒空に流れて來、兵士の心を温め、やがて他の一人が之に和し、間もなく次々と合唱に加わり、二ヵ國、三ヵ國の言葉で同じ聖歌が唱われ、天使の合唱の如く前線にこだました。

數名の兵士はバラバラと素手で壕から走り出で敵方目がけて走り寄り、こちらから飛び出した兵士と固く手を握り合せ『メリー・クリスマス!』を叫んだとのことである。基督への信仰と温い人間性は確かに敵意を征服したのであつた。

原水爆時代の今日、世界の何處かの國がボタンを押せば幾万という人間が一瞬にして地上から消されて了う時代であり、ここには人間性の温さもなければ信仰の入るすきもないように思われる。

人間の靈、精神的價値などは全然考わられず、幾千幾万の人間は一束の物質としてしか扱われて居ない。

人間は機械に場所をゆずり、ヒユマニテイは、物質に場所を取られ、人は金を使う事を忘れ、金に仕わる。今日の世相に最も必要な事は、ヒユマニテイの回復であろう。

『我々の生存意義は何か?』の問いを再び繰返す必要があるのではなかろうか。

この問いを解くカギは、神から與えられたイエス・キリストの光を通してのみ明瞭に示されるものだと信ずる。

クリスマスの意義は、サンタクロースでもなければ商店の裝飾棚でもない。ましてビールや洋酒のパーテイでもない。世界の歴史の流れを破つて神の子イエスがその永遠性を人類に持込んで下さつたという意義にこそ、祝賀の意味がある。

大山村(ビーシー州)の由來

小 林 傳 兵 衛

ビーシー州オカナガン・ヴアレーのケローナとヴアーノンの間にある「オヤマ」村の名稱は、日清・日露の役に、故大山巖元帥が大勝利を得て世界的にその英名が響いたその名をとつて命名せられたものである。

此度、ビーシー州百年祭に當り、オヤマ村の祝賀會に嗣子文學博士大山柏氏よりメッセージを贈られ、また奥様の眞喜子夫人からは左の如き歌をいただいた。

百年のよわい重ねしビーシー州の永久の榮えをはるかに祈るも

大山の名にゆかりある外つ國の村の祭典をはるかにことほぐ　眞喜子

(老生八十一歳になりて)

有難や八十一の春迎え　芳翠

御題新年三ツの物

小林芳翠

初日さす窓のカーテン新らしき

雜煮祝ふてむつむ子福者や

世界的文化のすゝむ春なれ

(短歌)

朝な夕な雪のロッキー仰ぎ見る窓にて偲ふはふるさとの山

世の文化すゝむ今しも螢雪のむかしの窓をしみ〳〵偲ふも。

御題「窓」

青葉會同人

初日さす窓のカーテン新らしき　芳翠

アパートの窓あけて初日拜みけり　葉子

窓に佇てば雪の連峰初明り　皓月

謹んで日射しの窓に書き初め　惠

磨かれし窓に輝く初日かな　みどり

淑氣滿つ磨き終えたる君が窓　孤舟

淑氣滿つ窓に輝く初日の出　湖畔

初日さす窓に希望を抱き佇つ　孤葉

新玉の窓メロデーが流れ出る　光枝

朗らなり旭の窓に初雀　春雨

ビーシー　桂子

初日影さす窓の邊のアフリカン・バオレットの花映えてすがしも

窓の月美くしければ部屋のちのともしび消えて愛づるひとどき

(名月の夜に)

カナダにてながむる月今宵故鄕のしきたり今は如何にと

ビーシー　エス子

初明けの窓白む時思出は鄕出の窓に消えし鄕土へ

あかつきの光さやけき窓の邊に明け行く年の幸や祈らん

ズレープを開けてすがしき朝空に雪の白さよ春はかゝよふ

春淺く純白纏ふ銀世界目覺めの窓に映る畫面は

中野千壽

曉けつぐる雀の聲を窓にして無病の歯みがく幸にわが生く

クリスマス

私は教養を二元的に考え

數年前、或る二世婦人が家庭内の空氣に注入し得、沿革は日本及び日本人に緊

賀新年

赤坂隆雄
P.O. Box 23
New Denver, B.C.

江畑源彌
同 シヲ
New Denver, B.C.

橋本房枝
家族一同
New Denver, B.C.

林加津子
家族一同
New Denver, B.C.

林トシ
New Denver, B.C.

井上重隆
同 柱子
No. 53
New Denver, B.C.

石橋與七郎
小竹新次郎
New Denver, B.C.

片岡吉太郎
同 コヨ
同 潔
New Denver, B.C.

加賀山靜代
氏家福江
New Denver, B.C.

小坂陽太郎
同 ヒサ
New Denver, B.C.

川口房三
安井久助
New Denver, B.C.

柿添順藏
New Denver, B.C.

松下はる
New Denver, B.C.

三宅清三郎
同 タネ
New Denver, B.C.

中筋ウマ
New Denver, B.C.

中嶋遊吉
同 アサ
New Denver, B.C.

奥村三郎
New Denver, B.C.

岡田三郎
同 もね
New Denver, B.C.

家族一同
New Denver, B.C.

岡四郎
同 タヅ
家族一同
New Denver, B.C.

小田重壽
同 シヅエ
家族一同
P.O. Box 174
New Denver, B.C.

猿山彌正
同 ナツ
New Denver, B.C.

遠山本三
同 キミ
P.O. Box 155
New Denver, B.C.

竹中仁三郎
同 久利子
BARBER & BEAUTY SHOP
P. O. Box 363—Phone 49F
New Denver, B.C.

上田豊太郎
同 さみ
New Denver, B.C.

謹賀新年
ニューデンバー
協和會
New Denver, B.C.

謹賀新年
ニューデンバー
佛教會
佛教婦人會
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謹賀新年

昨年中は御愛顧を頂き有難うございました。本年もお變りなく御引立てを願います。

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井手小四郎
家族一同
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R.R. 2, Kamloops, Campbell Creek, B.C.

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Season's Greetings

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平田ナイロン漁網株式會社
カナダ總代理店

...ber 24, 1958

祝聖誕
賀新年

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同 りん
家族一同

太田丈平
家族一同

四角喜太郎
同 美枝

謹賀新年

謹賀新年

…の哲學

ウイニペッグ　中村　徹

　この題は梅月さんが提出したもので、これに適した文が書けるか否か私自身疑問です。ゴルフに哲學があるかも、はっきりと自分では判斷出來ないのですが、兎も角もゴルフのことについてそれらしい様に書いてみたいと思います。若し哲學になつていなかつたら梅月さんを非難して下さい。

　この前の彼の手紙の中に私のことを『ウイニペックのゴルフ氣狂い』と書いてよこしました。しかし考えてみれば、戰時中私たちがウイニペッグに來て四苦八苦している最中に梅月さんはロッキー山の（本當はロッキー山脈のはるか裾なるカズローという山中の町）雪の中で、ゴルフ・ボールを赤く塗って、夏冬かまわず習つていたというから、私よりも上わ手を行く氣狂いだつたと言えます。

　氣狂にも色々ありますが手取り早く言えば神經系統の錯亂によつて頭の働きや行爲が正常でないのが氣狂です。ところがゴルフの試合には、非常に頭の正確さと、そして圖太さと冷靜さがなければなりません。だから氣狂いでは駄目です。

　少しこじつけになりますが、私はゴルフ信者です。（ここらが梅月さんと同樣氣狂と言われる所以でもありましょう）ゴルフによつて心の疲れをいやして居るのです。ゴルフをやる時はどんな親しい友達とも四方山話や井戸端會議はやりません。ゴルフ場は私の心の慰安所であり精神修養の道場でもあります。ビズネスのこと仕事のこと等と色々の欲望もあつて何時も心や頭をなやましそれに疲れて居る、その俗世の悩みを忘れ心の憂さを振り拂うところなのです。ゴルフをやる時にはこれら總てを忘れて全神經を打込む、だから私はこのゴルフを私の宗教だとも言うのです。

　皆さんは、あの小さい白いボールを耳かきか杓子を太くしたような棒で叩いて重たいゴルフ・バックを擔ぎ、馬鹿みたいにのこ〱と後から歩いて行き又叩いて同じ事を繰返す――あれが何んで面白いのかと不審に思われるでしょう。この私自身が、ゴルフを始める前までは、そういう一人だつたのだから不思議です。

　どのスポーツにも体力と運動神經が發達していることが非常に重大な條件ですが、このゴルフは寧ろ精神的の方がより重大であると私は思います。大抵のスポーツは刹那的に行動や働きをします。しかしゴルフはボールを打つのは一瞬ですが、障害物、風の吹く方角並に速力とか、何所にボー[illegible]に流れるかとか、あらゆる條件を考えて、そしてボールを打つ時には大膽に正確に打たなければなりません。

　普通に練習していたりゴルフ友達との遊びではそうでもありませんが重大な試合になると精神的壓力即ちプレッシャーがかかつて來ます。これを一番最初に經驗したのは四年程前、西部オンタリオと全マニトバ州のインタ・クラブ・トーナメントの折でした。これは各クラブから四名の選手を出して試合するもので、私はローズメア・ゴルフクラブの選手の一人として出場しました。第一ホールのテー・オフで多數の役員、選手連中の見ている前に立つて喉がかさ〱になる程すつかりあがつて了い、平常やらないような大きいスライスで第一球はレッド・リヴァーにとぶんである、第二球はマイスが這う様にチョロ〱と地上をころげて赤面この上もない失策でした。後半になつて少し調子を取戻したものの其の年の最惡のスコアで自分乍らへドを吐きたい思いをしたことでした。勿論試合度胸もなかつたのですが、もう一つの大きい原因は私一人が日系人である爲に皆が好奇心をもつて見ているに違いない、日本人の恥さらしをやり度くない、良いスコアを打たなければと不必要な氣苦勞をしたために思わず[illegible]な。近頃はそういう試合にも馴れつこになつてそんなことを考えず、六尺男の白人ゴルフアーと試合する時でも「なに、この野郎」となめて掛ります。

　しかし又その反對にナメられた經驗もあります。それは今年のレーバーデーに米國グランドフォークス市のトーナメントにローズメア・クラブの連中と遠征した時のことです。豫選では餘り調子が出ず八二でビー組に入り、第一回第二回戰は樂勝し三回戰でウ市のサウスウッド・クラブから來ていた六ハンデーのユーバンク氏と對戰、實力から言つて私に不利だつたのですが後半で調子がよくなり二アップで勝ち、それに氣を好くし准決勝戰でグランドフォークスのトンプソン氏と對戰しました。彼のスウイングを見て早速ひとりがつてんし『こんなものあつさり葬つてしまえ』とナメてかかつたのです。しかし六ホールまで來た時に私の方が一ダウンでこれでは駄目だと思つている矢先、グランドフォークス・クラブの幹事がやつて來て『トンプソンのハンデーは一〇だけれど彼はマッチ・プレーには非常なネバリのある男で若し君が勝つたら君はいいゴルフアーだ』と話すのです。この言葉が私の氣持に大きな動搖を與えた。それが變にこびりついて來て忘れようとすればするほど頭に浮かび上つて來る。後一ホールまで來た時どうやらイーヴンにこぎつけ次は五〇八ヤードのパー五。私は例のようにドライヴも二[illegible]ジでピンから三呎半の所に落し、バーデー四と獨り決めしてほくそ笑んだ。トンプソンも三打でグリーンには乘つたもののピンまで三十五、六呎もあり、こんな長いパットは百に一つも入るものではなく惡くすれば三パットだ、もう占めたものだと得意顔で彼のパッテングを見守つた。彼は非常に愼重にかまえた後思い切つて叩いた。これはいい所に持つて行つたナと思つたら、球はころりと穴に入つてしまつた。私は心臟が止まつたかと思つた位、『ナイス・パット、ナイス・バーデー』と心にもない讃辭を呈したものの、納らないのは私の心臟である。ドキンドキンと打つのが胸に手を當てなくとも感じられる程である。私のキャデーをしてくれていたマニトバ大學生のエデー君が心配顔で『どうしても入れなければここで一ダウンになると後二ホールしかないのでキャッチ・アップは大變だ』と言う。こんな場合は寧ろ冗談でも言つてくれれば私の心も和らぐのだが、こんな助言は、心に一層の緊張を與え筋肉を堅くするだけである。ボールの前に立つた私は心の動搖を靜めるために深呼吸をしようとしたがすーつと吸つてもすーつと出なくて途切れになる。これでは駄目だ、落着け々々と思う一方では、ぐづ〱せずに早く叩けという聲がする。頭の中はそのごたごたで落着きがないうちにカチンと叩いてしまつた。一番肝腎の全神經を手と腕に集中して穴に向つて眞直にパターを振ることを忘れてしまつたのである。ボールは穴を左に五寸程それてし[illegible]が利きすぎ、三尺半のパットをしくじつた。次の二ホールは二人ともパーで結局私は一ダウンで負けた。この試合を後で考えてみるのに、これは私の技倆の負けでなく精神的な完敗だつたのです。

　最後にゴルフ・ボールの打方に就て、私なりに最も大切だと思うことを少し述べます。それはスウイング即ちゴルフ・クラブの振り方である。兩方の手で握つて力一ぱいに振廻せばいいのだが、その振り方にコツがある。この振り方をプロは色々と説明する。理窟は同じ事で、異つた方法と言葉で説明しているまでである。例えばリズミカルに振れとかスムーズに打てとかタイミングを合せよとか、床を箒でスーッとはく様にクラブを振れとか言う。

　これを解り易く物理的に説明すると、石を拾つて天に向つて力一ぱいに投げ上げると石は一定の高さで止まり大地に向つて落ちて來る。地球の引力によつて石が落ちて來る程即ち大地に近づくほど速力を増してくる。その速力を『加速』と言い、その比率を加速度と言う。勿論比重の大きい石程加速度も大きい。ゴルフクラブを振り下す速力にもこの加速が必要で、この加速度が大きい程ボールの飛ぶ距離も大きい譯である。

　ではどんな振方をすれば加速度が大きくなるかと言えば、樂な氣持でスムーズ[illegible]て今度はクラブを引きおろす様な氣持で振り下すのであるが、力を入れるのは一番上に振り上げた時ではなく又振り下す時でもなく、一番下に來た時即ちボールに當たる瞬間に全力を入れて打つのである。この動作を無理のない樣にリズミカルにやるのである。そしてクラブヘッドがボールにあたる瞬間は左の肩の附根からクラブヘッドを直線としてクラブヘッドはボールに直角に當らなければならない。（左利きの人はその反對）そうすれば、その球はクセのないコントロールされた二百五十ヤードの球に間違いないのである。

　ゴルフを可なりやつた人は誰でも、どんなにすればいい球が打てるかは知つているが、それでいてその樣に出來ないのが大部分のゴルフアーである。今度新任されたウイニペッグの番領事はゴルフが好きで又上手であるが、氏はボールとピンとに一直線を引いて其の樣にクラブを振れば眞直な球が飛ぶんだと言われる。そして氏はその樣に打つていつも眞直なボールを飛ばす。私は割合に遠く飛ばすけれども時折はトラップやブッシュに入れて苦勞しカン癪玉を破裂させることがある。それをグッと抑えるところに精神修養があるのであり、近頃は私もそのことにだいぶ氣付いてまいりました。

望春

松下一郎

アラフーフ學童嬉々と落葉舞昇る

冬落陽祈りに足れる暮を踏む

冬雲より故國の夫と子供飛來

暖冬にバラ咲きつぼみ算えらる

運河閉ぢ朔風と鷗語りなし

失職と聞くに寒夜の星冴へし

冬ごもり土藏に幸の果を藏る

禿上る頭に溫き寒夜の燈

酒をやめ莨もやめて又火をつける夜の永き

木枯や聖誕に刻む日を餘す

クリスマスに

日本　板口富美子

ベツレヘムの遠き世こゝにかへりつゝ一つの心世界をむすぶ

馬ぶねにみ子かゞやきていましたり誰の心も明ろきこの日

一年先二年先のことはしらず今日を生くれば充たされている

現在に心つくして生きむのみ死後にのこさむ何も思わず

師走

チャザム　美津朗

サンタに何か買ふ列中の吾子すなを

玩具買ふ妻と別れがちに師走の灯

窓外に見守る子等が華麗櫥

年がいもなく華櫥下の子にましる

さて、三カ月只働きで過ごした或日のこと、鐵道に働く熊本の人から、一哩先の農家でボーイを探していることを聞き、早速計畫の第一歩をすすめることが出來ると大喜びで連れて行つてもらつた。その農家の主人は熊本の人に

『お前だつたら、今急ぐから月二十五弗出すが、このボーイは体も小さいし、言葉も解らず仕事とて經驗はないのだから、月十弗しか拂わない。しかし來月は十二弗、其次は十五弗、それから先は毎月五弗宛上げ、夏までには二十五弗にするがどうか？』と言つたとのことだつた。

熊本の人は、鐵道でも月二十弗（一日一弗二十五仙）は殘るから、幾らなんでも月十弗では働らかんだろうと言われたが、私は考えた。

計畫した目的への第一歩を進めるためには、金錢よりも經驗の方をとるべきではなかろうか、經驗が十弗、英會話の練習が十弗、給金が十弗、計三十弗のつもりで、即座に喜んで働くことに返事した。

初めは一日中ハウス・オーク。あまり好きな仕事ではない。それで、するだけの事を急いで濟ませると、行かなくてもよいのに外の仕事を手傳いに行つた。朝も私の仕事であるストーヴに火をだきつけテーブルをセットすると、急いでバーンに行き主人がミルクをしぼる所をじつと見ていた。

三日目の朝、主人が『しぼつてみたいか』と聞くので『イエス』と答えると、一番おとなしい牛をしぼつてみよと敎えてくれるが、却々ミルクは出そうにもない。牛も下手にさわられ、時々痛いらしく動くので益々出なくなる。それでも二三日續けていると、大分出る樣になり、主人が四匹しぼる時三匹位しぼれる樣になつた。そして乳しぼりは私一人の仕事となつた。午前と午後はケッチンの片付けがすむと外に出て、ヒンヅー四人が毎日來てスタンプ起しをしているのを自分から進んで手傳い、彼等にいけないで働いた。望みのある身なので、この他何んでも進んで仕事をし、秋十一月初めまでには農業仕事の大方を經驗し、賃金も三月目には二十五弗に上げてくれ、英語も日常會話は出來るようになつた。十月頃仕事がなくなつてから一寸の間、鐵道のセキション働きに出た時など通譯のようなこともしてホーマンから非常に重寶がられた時に、農家では僅か十弗で働いたが、たしかに三十弗の値打があつたと愉快に思つた。

さて、染川さんはヴィク

られた。少し郷里にも送金したが、殘りが二人分合せて百七、八十弗あつたので自作農を始めようかと色々あたつてみたが、いくら物の安い當時でも二百弗足らずでは到底出來そうにもない。所が或る人からクローバーデールのゼネラル・ストーアのミスター・バーが、土地を開墾すれば三年間は無賃で貸すと言つていることを聞いたので、早速故高橋金次氏を頼み交渉した結果『初め三年間は開墾代りに無償、四年目から借地料は一年一エーカー十弗、食料と種物も有る時拂』で貸すとのこと。二人は飛び立つ思い、丁度手頃な家もあつたので、獨立第一歩を踏み出した。

一九〇八年の年も押しつまつた頃のことである。幸い近くに仕事もあつたので資金かせぎに働き乍ら開墾にはげみ、春には六、七エーカーを開き、ポテート五エーカー、アニオン一エーカー其他野菜等を作つた。馬がいないので近所の白人の家に二人がヘルプに行き向うからは馬二匹つれて人一人が手傳いに來てくれた。

働き乍らも私は、白人の農家で植付の時期は勿論、エーカーにたいする種子の量、取入れの時期、天候の樣子など、毎夜當用日記に書く事にした。染川さんは『そんなにテーブルに向つ

言われたが、三カ月たつても止めないので染川さんもびつくりして『もう止めはせんよ』と言われた。其後二十年も日記は續けた。特に必要な箇條は赤インキで書いたので、後にこの當用日記がとても役立つた。

收穫は、初めての土地でもあり餘りよい成績ではなかつたが、それでも馬と車、農具の一部を買入れ、馬小屋も造りチキンも四、五十羽飼えるようになつた。更に翌年はチキンもふやし、ミルクの牛も數匹買入れ、バターと卵でストアの支拂も殆んどすませる樣になつた。縣人の人達は、あの二人が成功しなかつたら他にする人はないとまで言つてくれたが、この見方がきれいに外れたことは殘念であつた。というのは二年三年と續けて行く内にブラッシ原であつた十二エーカーの土地も本當にきれいな畑となつた。然しこんなにきれいになつても人のものである。どうしても自分達の土地を買わねばとしみじみ思つた。然し當時エーカー三百弗もしていたので、とても手も出ない。

すると其頃、北方フォート・ジョージ方面に政府から一人に對し百六十エーカーの土地をエーカー一弗の割で讓るということを聞いた。それには市民權をとらねばならぬので歸化申請を

ールの生活を切上げ、六、七百哩北方のフォート・ジョージに移ることに定めて準備をはじめた。

馬は手飼いのがある。それに農具から食料、馬の飼料まで積込み、二頭引き車に、雨が降つてもぬれない樣にカンバスをかけた。私達もカウ・ボーイの姿よろしく、自主獨立の、新らしき未來を開拓する旅路へと馬のひづめの音も高く進んで行つた。

ゴルフの哲學

ウイニペッグ 中村 徹

望春

謹賀新年

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領事 番 徹夫

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牧師 小倉 豊

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謹賀新年

（法人）**済生會**

謹賀新年

日系人庭園業組合

オンタリオ州トロント市

謹賀新年

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今年もよろしくお願い申上ます。

生菓子、煎餅製造業

永見正毅

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高橋幸三郎。

高橋トヨ

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50 Avenue Road, Toronto 5, Ont.
Phones WA. 3-3698 — WA. 3-0880

謹賀新年

昨年中は一方ならぬ御愛顧に預り有りがたう存じました
尚、本年もどうか倍舊の御引立を御願い申上げます

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謹賀新年

マニトバ佛教會

婦人會
壯年會
青年會
日曜學校
語學校

開教使 西村了観

謹賀新年

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『イエス・キリストは主である』と、世界万人が告白して、すべての舌、力、知識、技能を、人類破滅のためではなく、神の御栄光と全人類の祉福のために用いる事を学ぶようにと祈ります

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二世成人會　二世青年會

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アキ
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24 Greig Street Hamilton, Ont. Phone JA. 9-5384

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75 Wood St. East, Hamilton, Ont. Phone JA. 9-0818

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ターク孝
メリー恵壽子
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兵頭英一
敏
123 George St., Hamilton, Ont. Phone JA. 2-1529

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クリスマス
新年特別號
〔第二部〕

池田有親のこと（上）

徳永壽太郎

一八九〇年十二月横濱を出帆したシテー・オヴ・ペキン號に當時二十六歳の日本青年が乘つていた。大なる希望を抱いてアメリカに渡るのである。

船が太平洋の荒波に乘り出した頃、支那人ボーイが彼に駈寄り、船底の積荷の中に日本人らしい若者が潜んで苦しんでいると知らせて來た。行つて見ると十五六の少年が船よいで、見るも哀れに血を吐きながら悶え伏している。事情を聞くとこの少年も同じく大望を抱いて憬れの米國へ行くことに決意したけれど、旅費が乏しく運送問屋の世話で荷物に紛らせて乘つたのだという。彼は少年の境遇に深く同情し出來る限りの介抱を盡した。又船長に付つて寛大なる措置を願つた。船長も已むなく承諾し、船が桑港に着いた時は上陸手續まで濟ませてくれた。

この少年はそれから米國東部へ移り、幾多の辛酸をなめて十官學校を出て、更にボストン大學を卒業した黒田四郎という人であるが、私がここに語らんとするのは、この少年を介抱した青年池田有親という人のことである。彼はその後加州からカナダ、アラスカまで、當時未開であつた沿岸地帶の山野を歩き廻り、多くの新らしい事業を始めたのである。然し波瀾に富んだ彼の足跡をこの限られた字數の稿に書き盡すことは出來ぬ。それで私は記錄をたどつて主なるものを拾つて見よう。

生來の冒險好き

池田有親は私の妻の父である。彼は一八六四年、丁度維新の四年前に新潟縣に生れた。明治になつて初めて出來た小學校に入學したが、子供の時から秀才であつたと見えて、十四歳の時たまたま明治天皇が北陸地方御巡幸の際『平素學力優等に付金一封、天皇陛下より御下賜候者也』という賞狀を戴いた。陛下から直接の御下賜で彼は非常な光榮に感激したのであつた。十六歳の時東京に出て英語と漢學を學んでいたが後に長野の學校へ移り醫學の初歩を修めた。多分醫者になる積りであつたのであろう。

然し性來冒險好きに事業熱に燃えていた彼は學業を止めて輕井澤で親戚の持つていた廣い荒地を開墾することを企てた。郷里から數人の農夫を呼び寄せ、まだ其の地方になかつたアップルや栗の苗木を數百本植付けたが、不幸にも野兎に全部食い枯されてしまつた。又アメリカからキャベツ、トマト、レタスなどの種を取寄せて栽培し、そこの大きな池には鯉を養殖した。地味と氣候に惠まれてこれらの作物は良く出來たが、まだ一般に西洋野菜の使用法を知らぬ時代で地方には賣先がなく、東京・横濱の外人に供給するには鐵道がない時で運搬に莫大の費用がかかり到底收支償わず、この開墾事業は時機尚早という譯で遂に失敗に終つた。それから數十年後に彼は輕井澤を訪れたことがあるがこの地が世界的に有名の避暑地となり、彼が曾ての養魚池は雲場が池という名所になつているのを見て今昔の感に打たれたという。

長政にあこがれ 海外發展を志す

彼は少年の頃から山田長政に憬かれ日本人の海外發展の重要性を感じていた。二十六歳の時彼も意を決してアメリカに渡り、初め加州ヴァカビルで農園に働いた。その頃の彼は熱心なキリスト敎信者で敎會本部からエキゾーターの資格を得でその地方の同胞を集め神の福音を説いたりした。因みにエキゾーターとは、十九世紀の頃に行われた牧師代理の免許者の事である。

當時の同胞間には娯樂機關が乏しく多くの人々は賭博にふけつて居る有樣であつた。それで彼は一八九三年、同志を誘い勞働組合を組織し同胞の向上發展を計り、尚資金を集めて組合員の會堂を建てた。これが太平洋沿岸の日系人間では最初の勞働組合であつたとのことであり、一八九四年彼は日本を訪問するにあたり一時組合を解散して建物全部を敎會として寄贈した。これがヴァカビル日本人敎會の創りである。

其後彼はメキシコ政府の諒解を得てメキシコに廣大なる土地の拂下を受け大々的に日本移民を送ることを企てた。當時の農商務大臣榎本武揚、桑港領事珍田捨己諸氏の後援で大分話は進んだのであつたが、何かの支障で中止となつたのは殘念なことであつた。

翌年日本から歸り加州ダンビルという所で土地を借り農業をやつていたが、たまたまクロンダイキに金鑛が發見され、いわゆるゴールド・ラッシュで米國其他から數千人の探險者が出かけた。元來冒險好きの彼はじつとして居られず、遂に大堀という友人と二人でアラスカに向つた。貯金の全部を投じて防寒具、食糧品、探金道具及び長期滯在の計畫で農具や穀物野菜の種などニ噸にあまる荷物を携えて出かけたのである。彼がアラスカ探險中、無人境に酷寒と飢餓に戰い幾度か死線を越えた話はここで書く紙面がないが、この体驗記は「アラスカの氷山旅行」と題して一九〇三年東京で出版された。兎に角大金鑛の發見は遂に實現せすに終つた。

彼は其後二カ年、アラスカ南部の都市シトカに留つて働きながら漁業に就て研究した。そしてその沿岸に鮭が頗る豊富なることを確かめたので、一九〇二年日本へ行き海產物商數人と共同で東丸という帆船を買入れ、アラスカで塩鮭を製造して日本へ輸出することを始めた。初年は好漁で收益があつたが翌年船火事で大損失を蒙つた爲に折角の計畫も二年で中止した。

（以下次號）

半世紀前の一世（一）

宮内爲治

希望の第一歩を

サンフランシスコから乘船した臨時の石炭船のデッキから、刻一刻近寄るカナダの雄大な天地をじつと見つめていた。朝もやが晴れ渡ると、ノース・ヴァンクーヴァーの山、グラウス・マウンテンが高くそびえていた。波止場では、宿屋組合の人達の出迎えを受け、希望の第一歩を力強く踏み出した。波止場からシーピーアールの廣い線路が、私達の希望のようにどこまでものびていた。

男兒志を立てて鄕關を出す。私が十七歳の時のことだ。

この新しい國の廣い天地で思い切り働こうと、体の底から新しい力がぐつぐつ湧いて來た。時まさに九〇七年四月二十五日の朝例のクメリック號より四ヵ月早い日のことだつた。

一たん落着いた下宿屋エビス屋の柔かいベッドに別れを告げ、早速内田氏が請負つているウエストミンスター南方の鐵道路付け工事に働き始めた。パウダーかけの危險な仕事も少しも意に介せず、若さは勿論のこと新らしい人生を切り開く決[illegible]て大人以上に働[illegible]、カナダに上陸以來初めてのペイに胸をおどらせて開いてみると、一日一弗二十五仙の割合で他の人達より五十仙も少い。それでも朝七時から夕方六時までの十時間の二カ月間を夢中に働いた。

其時、ステヴストン方面の鮭取のネッツマン（當時船は二人乘り、魚具を持つた人のこと）達が、パートナーを求めていたので、路付工事では給料も一人前貰えず、面白くなかつた時でもあり、渡りに船とばかりこれに應じた。ところが出漁までの一週間、鮭を取るべき身が酒を浴びるようにのみ、その後はおきまりの『ポキ』（ポーカー・ゲーム）等賭博の開帳なので、私と友人の染川さんと二人は退屈していた。

折よく近くの農家で、一日二弗九十仙の賃銀で野菜の草取働きを求めていたので毎日十時間働くことにした。初めて白人の所で働くわけで少し緊張する。染川さんが『渡米の栞』という本を讀んだが、白人は腰を下して仕事をするのを非常にいやがるというので、三日間位はかがんだままで草取りを續けた。四日目の朝主人が來て、腰を下して草取りを始めたので二人は急に尻餅をついて顔を見合せ乍ら、もう少しで腰が折れる所だつたと笑い合つた。

日本の百姓とちがつてこの國の百姓は、大きな仕事は馬と機械でするから有望の樣だ、將來は共同で資金をため農家に入つて經驗をつんだ後自作農になろうと染川さんと固く誓い合つたのも、つい昨日のような氣がする。

さて鮭取りが始まつたが折惡くも不漁の年、それに經驗もなかつたせいか二ヵ月かかつてやつと六百尾、ネットマンの酒代を引くさパートナーの私に支拂う金はなく、路付工事よりまだ惡い、只働きになつてしまつた。しかし別な意味で大きな收穫をあげたと思う。というのは、當時の鮭取りの人達は今とちがつて、大抵船乘り上りで、心をなぐさめる家族とてなく、氣は荒く、土曜日の朝六時、一週間の漁から歸つてくるとはじめは過ぎし一週間の出來事——風が强かつたの、スナッグが網にかかつていたとかの罪のない話だが、網の手入れが一と先づすむと、おきまりのバクチが酒を飲みながら始められ、雲行があやしくなつて、そのうちガチャンと、色々ごちそうを並べてある長いテーブルが引くり返され、後は講談そこのけの大立廻り。染川さんと二人で隅の方に小さくなつて見ていた。

私はそれをじつと見つめていたが、これは人事ではない、と鹿兒島の母のことが思出された。酒飲みの父のため何かと苦勞し、又病母が毎晩のように、少しは樂になるからと飲ませてくれたので、酒もきらいではなく、又友達と一緒に飲みに行くこともあつたが、これはいけない、新らしい國に來て、目的を實現するために、酒やバクチのために身をあやまつてはならないと、しみじみ思い、一つの決心をした。今日限り、酒もタバコも止め、バクチは勿論のこと絶對に手をつけまいと誓つた。それ以來五十年、ビールも口にせず五仙のカケもしないで來たことは、あの時の鮭以上の大きな收穫だつたと思う。

（以下第四ページに續く）

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Due to family bereavement Season's Greetings will be omitted

飯田昭太郎

『もういくつねたらお正月』と歌い乍ら、しびれるような嬉しさで待った新年への期待はどこにいったのであろうか。そして、元旦に父母に手をひかれ乍ら暁闇をついて初詣りに行った途すがら、世の中が、あらゆる汚れを洗い去って、まるで新雪のように輝いていた、あの水々しい感覚は、どこに消えてしまったのだろうか。

今は去りし年、春は花吹雪と共に散り、夏がすぎ、秋が、とびゆく雁の羽ばたきと共に更け、やがて雪の、白い冬が訪れる間にも、私は今日から明日への生活に小さな喜びと悲しみをつないで、あくせくと巷に足をはやめていた。そして、わずかのことで心を痛めたり、なぐさめたり、波間にただよう小魚の様に、歴史の大河の流れに思いをはせる間もなく、早くも去来する年の瀬にたたずみ、

正月や冥土の旅の一里塚

と古人が言ったような、灰色の憂うつが、どこからともなく、しのび寄って来るのを否定することは出来ない。

その本来の姿としては、生じも滅しもせず、来ることも去ることもない『時』が、この地上に限りなき、生きる音、亡びる音、争う音、悲哀と歓喜の音、北極の底深く進むノーチラスの音、月へ向って進むロケットの音、其他の音を残しつつ、悠久の過去へと過ぎ去

わが家に訪れる時、

銀も金も玉も何せむにまされる寳子に如かめやも　山上憶良

と、萬葉歌人と同じく、初めて人の親となるよろこびに、多くの心配と悩みが一みどり兒の無心の笑顔と共に消え去る。

その限りなき死の一つが自分のこととなる時、十返舎一九が狂歌したように、

今までは人のことだと思ひしにおれが死ぬとはこいつたまらん

と、同じようにとまどう。『すべてに終りがある』というその冷厳な事實は、私をして、ある年の暮のことを想い起させる。

私はその時、運命の荒波にたたきのめされた難破船のように、身も心もくだかれて、失意の底に沈んで病

は、除夜の鐘を聞き乍らうとうとしていた私をして、かつて讀んだことのあるインドの物語りと同じような夢を見せていた。

『私は、重い荷物を背負って、ただ一人、長い一本道をとぼとぼと歩いていた。日は、とっぷり暮れているのに、灯一つ見えない。腹が空く、のどが乾ききっている。しかし、歩けども歩けども家の灯は見えない。失望と疲れに、どさりと腰を下して休もうとしたら、後の方で音がするので、ふりむくと一匹の虎が、今夜のごちそうを見つけたとばかり、目をいからして走って來た。私は反射的にとび上り、荷物も忘れて力の限り走り出していた。しばらく走ると、今度は前からおおかみの群が走って來る。私は進退窮って、あたりを見廻すと、幸い井戸がそこにあった。急いで井戸に入り、つるべにぶら下って下へ下りて行った。ところが

蛇が、井戸の底に、とぐろをまいて、赤い舌をぺろぺろと出している。私は思わず目を閉じて、力の限り命の綱にしがみついた。その時、『ボリボリ』と變った音がするので見上げると白と黒の二匹のねずみが交替に、その命の綱をかじっているではないか。私は思わず叫び聲を上げて、そのねずみを追い拂おうとしたけれど、少しも逃げようとはしない。小石でも拾って投げようと思って、あたりを見廻すと、石の割目から水が一滴二滴したたっている。私はここに口をつけて、ゴクリとのどをうるおした。美味しい、私は、この上なく美味しい。私は、すべてを忘れて、むさぼり吸い續けた。その間にも、白と黒のねずみが、命の綱を、たえまなくかじりつづけていることも忘れて。』

突然、『兄ちゃん、お兄ちゃん』、私をゆすぶり起す妹の聲に、目をさますと私はびっしょりと汗をかい

「兄ちゃん、ずい分うなされていたのね」

私は妹に、今見た夢と、その物語りについて話した。虎は過去、狼は未來、大蛇は死、白いねずみは晝、黒いねずみは夜を意味するものであることは、妹にもすぐ分った。

その時、アナウンサーは『今年の放送の終りであり又新年の放送の始めとしてベートーヴェンの第九交響樂をエヌ・エッチ・ケー放送管絃樂團の演奏でお送り致します。』との聲につづいて、私の好きな『第九』が流れて來た。

天才ベートーヴェンが、心魂を傾注したといわれるその生命の交響樂は、徐々に展開してゆく。その生命の音の流れは、或は急流をなし、或は深き淵をなしつつも、力強く流れて行く。そこには愛と憎しみと、戰と平和、生と死が互に交錯して强き波動となって私の胸にせまって來る。

響樂そのものさえも聞えなくなった。今は、音を介せずに、ベートーヴェンの魂そのものが、凄じい勢いでせまって來た。運命の重みにたえ、その重みの下に苦闘しつつ、いくたびか傷つきながらも、つまづきながらも戰ってゆく人間の姿。私は全く、そのとりこになってしまった。うっすらと涙ぐみさえしている私の眼に映っていたのは、夢でみた虎の眼の光りでも、大蛇の舌の赤さでもなかった。それらは、とっくに消えてしまっていた。

そこにあったのは、不思議な、生きることの、しみじみとした、よろこびであった。やがて管絃樂は最後の合唱『歡喜の歌』に代ったとき、その喜びは、悲壮なる感激にかわった。それをフロイデ（歡喜）というのであろうか。そこに至って、『生きる』ことはあらゆる不純物をとり去って、夏山の深雪の様に、私の前に輝いていた。私の身と心に、生きる火が、再びともされたような氣がした。争闘と苦惱とに鍛えられた生命のひびきと、永遠なる藝術の力が私に新たなる力を與えてくれたのだ。

悲しみの涙に魂がふさがる夕があったとしても、朝には、万金の砂をまきちらして太陽がのぼる。

私は、のぼり行く新しい太陽を拝みながら、私の愛唱するインドの詩を、高ら

奮い立て、そして雄々しく戰えよ。
悲しみも、よろこびも、愛も憎しみも、勝利も敗北にも、
とらわれることなく、かのヒマラヤの不動の心もて、
全力を以て戰い、ただ己の義務を盡せよ。

そして私は、太陽に向ってとなった。

『新年、明けましておめでとう。』

心のふるさと

西村登美

支那哲學を
學び始めた子供が
學校で習った事を
折々話して
「ベリーインタレスチング」
という
今夜も、
「コンフューシャス」
「ラオ・ツー」と言うので
字引で探してみると
「孔子」「老子」と
書かれている
小さかった子供が
何時か娘になり

遠い東の國の賢者の教えに
耳をかたむけるように
なったのか
カナダで生れ
カナダで育った
二世の吾娘の胸に
東洋の精神は
何かとささやいてくれるのか
「ベリーインタレスチング」
という吾娘の言葉は
東洋で生れ育った母の心を
あたたかくしてくれる

○

素朴な壺、皿が
動物の形が、人のかたちが
ならべられた
古代エジプトのルームを
音ひそませて私は歩く
その頃の物はまだ
色も形も幼く
生地の土に近いものだが
一つ一つが
心をこめ　力をこめて
人の手で作られたもの
その頃は
今よりもっと掟が守られ
今よりもっと罪をおそれ
人は眞摯な心で生きていた
遠い世に生れ、戀をし、
素朴な營みを終えて

死んで行った人達が
遺したものよ
昔の夢をさゝやいてくれるものよ
動きはげしい、きびしい世
に生きて、
ひそかにミューヂアムを歩めば
少しゆがんだ壺、皿が
心のふるさとのように
親しい

○

ミューヂアムの
天井一杯の高さに
立ちはだかっている恐龍を
見上げて
私は小さく立っている
アルバタで發掘されたという
この化石は
同じカナダの地を
歩いていたのか
その頃は地上がもっと暖く
動物も、植物も、
すべてが大きく、大きく
小さな人間はいなかったと
いう
お前達の世界であった
中世代の地球を
おそって來た冷寒に
お前達はすべて亡び去り
消ね去ってしまった
再び新らしいものが生れ
また亡び
更に新らしいものが生れ
少しづつ進化して

今のような人類が
生れて來たという
かつてお前達のものであった
地球を
今は人間が占めて
絶えず小さく争っている
あゝ考えられない程の
自然の不可思議よ
地球の歴史の長さよ
ミューヂアムへ來て
お前を仰げば
おのづから湧く深い吐息！
天井一杯の高さに
立ちはだかっている恐龍よ
お前と、私との間に
幾千萬年の時のへだたりが
あるのか

「窓」

青木定儀

ロッキィの雪深きにやわが町の窓てう窓の多構えかな

十五年理想を畫きしコモクスの公民校は窓明かりき

朝夕に富士を仰ぎし故郷のわが家の窓の昔忘れず

「雪」

斉木天浪

明け雪に暮れたる十日かな

天高く地廣し雪の一百里

オルマンリバー空に消れたり雪の原

寒月も凍りて落ちん雪の原

ロッキィは千里を銀の屏風かな

雑感

日本　猪又綠月

台風の二十一號に四ヶ年續く豐作凶作となり

台風の時に被害の哀れさは伊豆と相模になげく人々

多難なる世は過去となり新しき望み明けし年ぞ尋度き

思ふこと手足動かぬ老の身も趣味に餘生を望む年明け

疎遠謝し在加同胞發展に無事と多幸を祈る年頭

私の米作りは第三年目に入ります。私は以前から小麥も大豆同樣に本業として作つて居るのだが、曾つてリーダース・ダイゼスト日本語版に『西洋文明と共に歩んだ小麥の話』という記事が出ていたのを讀んで非常な感銘を受けた。そしてその姉妹篇とでも言うべき『東洋文明と共に歩んだ米の話』という記事が、ダイゼストに出るであろうと樂しみに待つて居る。東洋十五億の民衆に、お腹いつぱい御飯を食べさせて神代の昔より養いつづけて居る米の有難さには神樣に感謝を捧げる外はない。

小麥は五千年の昔エジプトに發祥し中近東をはじめ歐洲全土の人類のためにパンとなり肉となり、西洋文明のすて石となり椽の下の力持ちして世紀を通じ歩みつづけて居る。永い永い間の年月を經て歩んで來た小麥の歴史は一朝一夕に論ずべくもないが其の世紀世紀において種子の改良に苦心して進歩して來たことだけは私共にもうなずける。今日その盛大を誇り世界を潤歩しているアメリカの小麥もその親元を洗わばロシア產の種子を手に入れて苦心改良した賜であることを忘れてはならない。

米作の場合は小麥を作るように簡單には行かない。米は育ちがお上品なのか、寒い土地は嫌って實のらない。第二に水田でないと一等米が作れないという難點がある。でも、雪の國北海道にも水田は盛んに行われ旭川農事試驗場も熱心に品種の改良と増產に努力をつづけて居り年と共に成績は上つて反當り二石—三石の收穫をあげて居ると。最近オタワの日本大使館を通じて親切な指導書を入手したカナダの米作に貴重な參考となることを有難く思つている。この話の起りは、今春三月大使館の厚意で北海道產のモミ種子數種を取寄せて頂きこれを試驗的に播いて見たが、何れも水稻であつた故か、成長が遲々として七月末頃に漸やく一尺位の稻株になると同時に出穗をはじめ、出穗と共に直ちに結實へと進んで行つた結局二十五パーセント位の實りであつた。私はこれらの新種の實つた穗を二三本づつ切り取つて大使館に送り中間報告としておいたのだが、大使館ではこれらの切り穗を旭川農事試驗場に送つて所見を求めてくれた結果、前記の指導書が送り屆けられたという次第である。

指導書には、オタワと旭川との經緯度の位置、土地の高度と雨量の比較など、統計的に重要な點が指示されてあり、結論としては、オンタリオ州の氣溫では、北海道の水田耕作法を取入れ、春早く苗代で稻を發芽させ、苗を株植として水田に移し、夏の日の熱度を水田中におさめ夜分でも氣溫の高度を保有して行き、出穗期を七月末頃におさえる方法をとれば可成りの收穫を擧げ得るだろうと教えてある。

私のカナダ產米第一號の結果に到らす約五十パーセント位の結實だつた。來春は農事試驗場の指導書に基き、米作に新工風を加えオンタリオ州の氣溫に調和して稻が育つように、心をくだいて作りたいと思つている。幾年先きの事になるかは知れないが、私の餘命のある間に『オンタリオ・ライス』產出の夢を實現させるべく努力を續けるつもりであります。

歳暮れて

小財新句浪

移り往く月日の中に生きながら日々單調に過ぎし一年

間違つていたかも知れぬ吾が歩みゆくてはたゞに悲願の明日を

ト市・ゆう

クリスマス祝ふ心に神宿り友とむつみて一家團らん

朝日影光あまねく輝やきておろがみまつり心改たむ

はるばると母國訪問せし友は元氣さかんに皆君がねり

古里に晴れの衣着てかえり名所舊跡見しは幸なり

ハワイより誠の心花にひめ送り來たりし人の懐し

朝まだきゴルフ遊ぶや玉に露

ピーシー州 一笠

子の夢を其の儘街にクリスマス

親の目子の目聖樹の灯がうつる

十二時を踊りに疲れて年別れ

一世のむかしじみたるお正月

ずいひつ 時の音

飯田昭太郎

つて行く。その限りなき生の一つがわが家に訪れる時、

床に横わつていた。『死ぬかも知れない』という恐怖は、除夜の鐘を聞き乍らうとうとしていた私をして

闇の中に、きらきら光る眼があるので、よく見ると大蛇が、井戸の底に、とぐろをまいて、赤い舌をぺろぺろと出している。私は思つ

ていた。『兄ちゃん、ずい分、うなされていたのね』

私の耳には、何時か、交響樂そのものさえも聞えなくなつた。今は、音を介せ

かに、力強く、くり返した。奮い立て、そして雄々しく戦えよ。悲しみも、よろこびも、

祝聖誕 賀新年

江畑忠吾
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忌中につき年末年始の
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同 次郎
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Picture Butte, Alta.

, 1958

祝聖誕

北川増次郎

西田辰藏

玉場

久岡市郎平

祝聖誕 賀新年

賀新年

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佐藤傳
英子
5305 Victoria Drive Vancouver, B.C.

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よし乃
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同 美津香
同 徳幸
同 隼雄
同 富子
同 敬子
同 壽夫
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同 千惠

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クリスマス
新年特別號
〔第一部〕

日系人史の資料

梅月高市

全加日系市協は、日系カナダ人史編纂という大事業に着手している。別項、寛さんの一文にもあるように今日の二世の發展は、移民としてカナダという新天地に渡つて來た日本人が、過去半世紀に亘る苦闘を重ねカナダの土に根を下し、芽を吹き花を咲かせ、實を結ぼうとしている姿である。されば日系カナダ人の歴史といえば、其の大部分は一世の苦闘史とも言うことになる。

市協の歴史編纂委員會はその手初めとして、個人の經驗物語文を募集した。その結果は既に發表された如く、日本文で三十幾つ、英文で四つの應募があり、そのうち入賞した川本コト、吉田万蔵、窪田才之助三氏の日本文は大陸時報に、ニューカナデアンにはその英譯をのせ、そして特賞に入つた徳永壽太郎、宮内爲治両氏のものは、英譯を大陸時報に、日本文は本紙にのせる取りきめをした。

懸賞文の審査に當った田中ジョージ、森山レイモンド、森次フランク三君の報告は、十二月六日の本紙に發表されたが『應募文の記述が日系カナダ人史にとつて歴史的な意味を持つものであるかどうか？それら個人の經驗物語りは單なる事實の羅列に止まらず、人間味を加味させたものであるかどうか？』に審査の基準を置いたと述べ、コンテストは成功だつたと應募者に感謝している。

審査員の仕事は大變なものであつたに違いない。三君のうち田中君は殆ど日本語を話さないし、森山、森次両君は話しは解つても、一世の書いた字は讀めないであろう。それをどうして審査したか。岩崎氏と私は『專門的な援助』を與えたと報告されているが、實際には、審査員が判定を終つてから意見を聞かれ、日本文全部を通讀させてもらつただけである。日本文三十幾つを一々讀み、その内容を英語で摘記し、これと思われるものは全文を英語に直して審査員に提供するという努力を拂つたのは田中兼夫人（ジョージ君の母）だつたのである。田中さんの助力がなかつたならば、審査員は殆ど手がつけられなかつたことであろう。審査報告中にその事をメンションしたのであつたが、田中さんは『よい勉強になつたから』とて、名前を擧げることを固辭されたので削つたのだという。應募文を一と通り讀むだけでも私は一晩かかり、二三日は首が痛んだほどだつたが、田中さんの努力が並大抵のものではなかつたことが判る。

二世の審査員が日本文をどうして審査したかの事情を明らかにするためと、七十八才にもなる田中さんの勉強心に敬意を表したいところから敢て私はこれを記しておく次第である。

私の讀後感を言うと、川本さんのは寫眞結婚で來た一世婦人の典型的な生活を叙したものとして、吉田氏のは草分け時代から今日までに及ぶ特異な一日系人の辿つた跡を描いたものとして、窪田氏のは第一次大戦の日系義勇兵という歴史的な事柄に關し當時の有様を寫したものとして、何れも貴重な文献と言うことが出來るであろうが、三つとも甚だ讀みづらい文である。それに比べて、池田有親というスケールの大きいパイオニーアの代表的一人物のことを書いた徳永氏の一文と、これまた早期の新天地における一青年の願望實現への歩みを叙した宮内氏の一文は、最もよくまとまつており、文もよく描寫もうまいものである。入選外の多くの應募文の中にも、日系漁者ライセンス削減問題（河内義雄）、アルバータ州のビーツ農家働きの苦勞（永田文子）、道路キャンプとインターメント・キャンプのこと（中野武雄）、『第二期時代』のフレザーヴアレー農家（木下清）その他、歴史編纂上に暗示を與え、又は良い參考になる文献があると思う。

山家安太郎氏は應募文のほかに、一九〇六年から四〇年までのビーシー州日系人農史、フレザー・ヴアレーの苺農協同組合運動史回顧、戰時の日系農地處分問題の記録という三つの資料を提供しているが、これらは日系人史の記録の一となるものであろう。またトロントの門田勇太郎氏は懸賞文締切には遅れたがノートブック一冊に同氏の一代記をつづつたものを私の手許に屆けてある。門田氏は戰前のビーシー州日系人就働地の所謂『ボス』の一人であつたが、同氏は普通の『ボス』と異つて、日系人勞働者の仕事口開拓者として特記さるべき一人である。私はもう一人の傳記を持つている。それは故佐藤惣右衛門氏の手記で、池田有親氏と同じように創業の天才で、太つ腹だつたという及川甚三郎氏のことを書いたものである。

すでに足立ケン君が書いたビーシー州の日系人史によつて、これから作ろうとする日系カナダ人史の骨組は示されていると見てよいのであるが、カナダに日本人移民が入りはじめたパイオニーア時代から、太平洋戰爭——總移動までの戰前の日系人史のうち、經濟生活と社會生活を叙するには勞働者と農者と漁者を根幹とし、それに商業者その他を配するものでなければなるまい。そして所謂『日系人排斥問題』もそれらの分野と切離すことの出來ないものであるが、排斥對象と日本人勞働組合の運動のことは相當詳しく述べる必要があるように思う。



これにお月さまを配すれば私の苗字の梅月になるのだがそれではあんまり平凡にすぎる。木（ボク）の小枝に白い香りのよい花をつけた剛毅なところが梅の取柄であろう。私の苗字は『梅月』などとしやれているけれどおぢいさんあたりの風流からだとも思えない。でも梅は好きな花。——梅月生

随筆 夢をたくして

寛克子

白晝夢——Day Dream——というもの程自分勝手に都合よく筋を運べるものはないと思いますが、ままにならぬ世の中も、この世界にさまよう間だけはままにしてみせることも出來ますので、『又始まつた……』と言われるくらい夢見勝な私です。尤も、私はどちらかといえば樂觀主義で、あまちゃんで——以下の文でうなづかれることと思いますが——物事を緻密に觀察し深く掘り下げて考えたりするたちではないので、とかく、めでたしくで終る様に筋を追いたがる傾向がありますので、たまには嚴しい現實と衝突して、夢からさめることもあるのですが何といつても夢みる世界は自由で、又差しさわるところもないので、誠に愉しいものです。

例えば幼い我が子を前にして、一足飛びに成長の曉を夢み、大學に行く姿を描き、あまつさえガヴアナー・ゼネラルのメダルを貰わせることさえ、この世界に於ては可能なのです。しかもこの夢が實現しないと誰が言えるでしょうか？

ところが私は親になつた經驗がありませんので、親子の愛情とか關係などで、大きな口をきくのは憚らなければなりませんが、親の様な氣持にさせてもらつたことがあつて、自分なりに夢を托したこともあり『苦勞も愉し』と不自由を物ともしなかつた一時代がありました。然し、それはあくまでも眞似事であり、眞實の親というものからみたらままごとみたようなことであつたでしょう。然し、子というものは大なり小なり親の夢を托されて、はぐくまれるものであることは疑う餘地はありません。とかく親の果し得なかつた望を子によつて果し度いのが常らしいですが、時にそれは非常に遠大な理想で、一代も二代も夢のままに、托し托されて後、その實現をみたという話など物の本で讀むことですが、夢のあるところにこそ進歩も發展も生れるとのことですから『夢の様な話』と侮ることは出來ません。但し、時には『逆も亦、眞なり』で、自分の運んだ筋書に狂いが生じて、ペシャンコになることも往々にしてあるので、その覺悟も必要ですが、之は、そもそも夢の夢たる所以でもありましょう。

くどくどと書いてまいりましたが、私が本當に申したかつたことは夢物語ではなくて、一世の夢を托された者としてみる二世のことでした。個人としては、親の資格を與えられなかつた私も、一世と呼ばれる枠の中では、親の位置にいて二世全體を子としてみることが出來るわけです。特に最近、華々しく社會の第一線にくつわを並べて勢揃いして來たかに見ゆる二世の姿は、われが子ながら『天晴れ！』と拍手を以て迎えたい程立派です。從來、とかく芳しくない響をもたせて使われることのあつた『二世』という言葉は、一日も早く撤回しなければならない時が來たのです。『二世はどうも』とか『ありや二世だから云々』と言つたことを思い出しますと、親として我が子の本當の姿を見通せなかつた、うかつな失言であつたと思わないわけにはまいりません。何故ならば、今日一世、二世を並べて公平にくらべてみますと、大局からみて、どうしても鳶が鷹を產んだとしか私には見えません。こと程左様に私には二世の姿が素晴しいものに映るのです。

然し瓜のつるには茄子はならないたとえで、二世の優秀は、即ち一世という親の質のよさから生れたものに外なりませんし、その質というものは日系すべてが民族としてうけついだ幸福でもあるわけで、めでたしめでたしということになります。

言いならされている引用ですが、一世は異國の土に蒔かれた新しい種でした。いくらそれが質のよいものであつたにしても、荒い土と完全になじむためには、數々の障害を乘り越えなければなりませんでした。やつと環境になれ、根を張り養分を吸い取る頃は、二世という發芽の成長に全精力を注がねばなりませんでしたから、種としての一世の生涯は土に埋れて、外面的には見るべきものはありませんでしたが、その抱負と夢は消えたのではなく芽に托されて發揮する機會を與えられたのです。立派な二世の姿というものはとりも直さず形をかえた一世の姿であり、又、日系の屬する民族としての姿でもあります。たのもしくも若い命の新芽は自分の希望をも添えて一世がかくあれかしと夢みた以上の美しい姿を目にものみせてくれているではありませんか？嬉しいことでなくて何でしょう。そして之等の二世が又、それぞれの夢を托する將來を思う時に、私の白晝夢は益々佳境に入つてまいります。